THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

DECEMBER, 1821.

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Preliminary Notices.

J. O. C's letter has been received; but it arrived, unluckily, too late for the present number: it shall appear in our next. In the mean time we wish to observe, that the writer will find in this number a few remarks corresponding with some of his, but which were in print before the arrival of his communication. We had besides hinted at the fault, to which the remarks refer, on a former occasion.

We feel gratified by the renewal of P. B. W's correspondence, and hope to make use of his obliging communication next month. With respect to the articles, of which he speaks in his postscript, we are much concerned to hear, they should have been, as he says, the cause of any offence; but we must say, that, upon recurring to them, we cannot discover how they could justly have been so. If the writer has erred at all in his personal allusions, it has been, we think, by an excess of praise, and, at all events, we have reason to know, that, if he has offended some, he has gratified many. *Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis;* and such is the fate of most writers. The "incidents recorded" by him may now and then, it is true, have the character P. B. W. ascribes to them; but they are not perhaps, on that account, less valuable as traits of national manners; and, were it otherwise, it must be our business to consult all tastes, and occasionally to pass

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

We must mix, as well as we can, the *utile dulci*, and not forget the *quot hominum, tot sententiarum*, so necessary to be kept in mind in the management of a miscellany like this; and, if we might be allowed to complete our patch-work of quotations, we would take this opportunity of applying to our editorial capacity a parody of a well-known sentiment, and say---CAMBRO-BRITANNUS *sum, nihil* CAMBRO-BRITANNICUM *à me alienum puto.*

Our readers, especially the admirers of our national airs, will be glad to hear, that we are enabled to promise them an early continuation (perhaps next month) of Mr. PARRY's interesting 'LETTERS ON WELSH MUSIC.'

We have received from our kind correspondent S. R. JACKSON another Parnassian present, of which we shall make a partial use in our next.

In one of our last 'Notices' we were made to observe, that "Welsh communications would be always acceptable;" this was too unqualified,---it should have been "Welsh communications *of interest.*" The latter words were accidentally omitted by the printer.

We take this opportunity of reminding our readers, that contributions of merit, connected with the national languages and literature of Ireland, Scotland, or Brittany, will always find a ready insertion in the CAMBRO-BRITON. We are particularly anxious to give full energy to this part of our plan; but, to do it effectually, we shall stand in need of a spirited and patriotic co-operation.

The *second* contributions of J. O. C. and P. B. W. are just come to hand, and shall be attended to next month, if possible. The writers have our best thanks.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

We regret, that, owing to a cause, which does not admit of a public explanation, the last Number should have been disfigured by the following typographical errors.—P. 9, l. 3, "ARIANWAN" (ARIANWEN.) l. 17, "Dingab" (Dingad). l. 27. "Deyvndlug" (Deyrnllug). l. 28. "Dinos" (Dinas). l. 37, "Aelgyvarç" (Aelgyvarch). p. 10, l. 35, "Gwendydd" (Gwenddydd). p. 14, l. 3, of the notes "Hywd" (Hywel). p. 35, l. 22, "clan" (clau). l. 24, "tulyngach" (teilyngach). l. 31, "hyglwyid". (hylywid). p. 46, l. 22. "agwddwawr" (agwrddwawr). l. 25, "rhuddwaedd" (rhuddwaed). p. 47, l. 33, "cochyion" (cochion). p. 50, l. 1, "darbwiili" (darbwylli). l. 25. "addien" (ddien). The corrected words, it will be observed, are between parentheses.

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NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

ANTIQUITY OF THE WELSH TONGUE*.

Ad linguam quod attinet præcipua honoris et dignitatis palma, de quâ inter se linguæ decertare solent, vetustas est. DR. DAVIES.

AMONG the many subjects, which fall naturally within the scope and purpose of this Institution, there is none, perhaps, which offers stronger claims on its attention, than the peculiar and remarkable characteristics of our native tongue. In all countries we have ever found a desire to prevail amongst the learned to investigate, with partial anxiety, the distinguishing properties of their respective languages: even with reference to such, as are comparatively of modern origin, and have no extraordinary merit to recommend them, we have seen this natural propensity to exist. Can it then be a matter of surprise, that the learned of our own country, who, during the last two hundred and fifty years, have combined their powerful aid to examine and to illustrate the particular excellencies of the Welsh tongue, should have dwelt with a fond enthusiasm on those peculiarities, by which it is signalized among the languages now spoken in Europe? From the time of the celebrated Dr. J. D. Rhys, down to the present, no author, that has treated, either expressly or incidentally, of the language of Wales, has failed to speak, with becoming praise, of some or other of its singular qualities: and we owe it to their elaborate and ingenious researches, that we are now able to discriminate, with an accurate eye, the simplicity of its basis, the beautiful uniformity of its superstructure, and, above all, those

* This Essay is extracted from the "Report" of the Cymmrodorion, or Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, and was originally intended to be read at the first Annual Festival of the Society, May 22, 1821.—ED.

venerable marks of antiquity, by which it avowedly stands unrivalled among the languages of this western world.

It is on this last-mentioned characteristic that I propose, on the present occasion, to offer some observations; not that I hope, within the necessary limits of this Essay, to exhaust a subject, abounding, as this does, with food for the most interesting speculation: all, that I aim at, is to take a summary view of the most remarkable proofs, by which the high antiquity of the Welsh tongue is established.

Before I enter, however, on this inquiry, I feel it necessary to premise a few remarks, which the nature of the subject appears particularly to demand, with reference to an hypothesis that has hitherto gained considerable currency, and seems to have tended, in no small degree, to encumber the researches of philologists, and consequently to have had an injurious influence on their inquiries into the particular characteristics of the Welsh tongue.

The hypothesis, to which I allude, is the notion that language was originally communicated in a full and perfect state by the Deity to man; an opinion which has been supported by so many learned and pious writers, and with so bold a confidence, that one is almost led to believe the assertion to be sanctioned by divine revelation. It happens, however, unfortunately for their position, that the sacred volume not only gives no countenance to it, but seems even to favour an opposite conclusion in the only passage which can reasonably be adapted to the occasion. This occurs at the 19th and 20th verses of the 2d chapter of Genesis, which are as follow:—"And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see *what* he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, *that* was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam, there was not found an help meet for him." This is the first occasion on which the sacred penman ascribes to the first man the use of his oral faculties; and, if we consider the words in their plain and obvious import, as in all such cases is, perhaps, the wisest and safest mode, there appear to be two circumstances particularly worthy of our attention.

The first of these is, that Adam was thus invited to give names to the creatures, that were brought to him, before the creation of Eve, and, consequently, before there could have been any intercourse of sentiment, any tacit connivance, as to the use of the organs of speech, in the adaptation of their sounds to surrounding objects. Man was alone in the world as far as concerned human society; and, therefore, whatever language he uttered must have been a language suggested by nature itself, without any adscititious influence from other causes: and a brief consideration of the next point that occurs will prove, I think, that this language was not the effect of an immediate revelation from heaven, but the result of a natural aptitude in the organs of speech to utter certain determinate articulations, according to the impulse of man's internal emotions. "God," says the sacred text, "brought these creatures to Adam, to see *what* he would call them." Now, if Adam had before been gifted with a systematic and accomplished language, as we may presume one of divine origin would have been, it is not probable that the sacred historian would have described the Deity as desirous of knowing *what names* Adam would bestow on the animals brought to him. On the contrary, the obvious sense of the passage seems to be, that God was anxious to know (to speak in human language), in what way the first man would employ his natural powers of articulation with respect to the objects assembled before him. "His Maker," as the author of the Celtic Researches has justly observed on this very point, "had implanted certain principles in him, which the occasion called forth into action, as his own feelings prompted, or as his judgment prescribed*." And, from the experience of numerous travellers amongst newly-discovered nations, upon the first sight of any strange objects, we are justified in inferring, that the names, given by the first man on the occasion under consideration, must have corresponded with the feelings excited in him by the shape, voice, and other characteristic qualities of the respective animals submitted to his view, as the several passions of fear, love, or astonishment may have operated on his inexperienced mind.

From the foregoing brief examination of this Scriptural pas-

* See CELT. RES. p. 375.—ED.

sage, I think it will be evident to those who are disposed to view the subject with candour and impartiality, that the sacred volume supplies no argument in favour of an original divine language, but that, on the other hand, it appears even to sanction the very reverse of the hypothesis: and, indeed, there can be nothing more reasonable than the conclusion, that language was, in its infancy, composed of the most simple elements, which, although in themselves incapable of expressing the various ideas that subsequently thronged into the human mind, formed the simple, yet solid, basis upon which the grand superstructure of human speech, in all its splendid and majestic varieties, was progressively reared. It was the combination of these primitive elements, the natural articulations of the human organs, that served to describe the encreasing wants of mankind, as the advancement of experience created fresh avenues for the admission of ideas: for, it would be absurd, in the last degree, to imagine that a finished scheme of speech was either bestowed upon man, or invented by him, before there existed a necessity for its use; or (to put the case still more forcibly) that words, which are the representatives of things, existed before the things represented; or that, in the grand march of the human intellect, the shadow preceded the substance.

The hypothesis, therefore, of an original divine language, complete in all its parts, is not to be defended by any arguments drawn from Scripture or reason: and, although it has found many learned advocates, its fallacy has been sufficiently exposed by other eminent writers, who have also traced human speech to its genuine source—those natural elementary sounds, with their simplest combinations, which the voice of man was at first capable of expressing. On this point M. De Gebelin, a celebrated French writer, in his *Monde Primitif*, a work abounding with the most luminous views of the origin and progress of language, has the following apposite illustrations:—"Man," says he, "finds in nature the elements of every thing in which he is engaged: music is founded upon its octave, which has never been dependent on the mere ear; painting upon certain primitive colours, which art cannot create; geometry upon the unchangeable relations and proportions of bodies; and the art of medicine upon certain physical properties*." And Dr. Priest-

* Monde Primitif, tom. iii. p. 72. Ed.

ley, in his Lectures on the Theory of Language, although he does not seem to have viewed the subject in its most comprehensive bearings, has, notwithstanding, the following judicious remarks: "The imperfection of all languages," he observes, "the Hebrew by no means expected, seems to argue them not to have been the product of divine skill, but the result of such a concurrence of accident and gradual improvement, as all human arts, and what we call inventions, owe their birth to." Upon another occasion he also remarks, that "the primitive language, or that which was spoken by the first man, must have been very scanty and insufficient for the purposes of their descendants in their growing acquaintance with the world:" an observation, from which we may infer, that the learned writer considered the progress of language to be in proportion with the augmentation of human necessities.

Among the writers, who have discussed this subject with reference to the Welsh tongue, Mr. Owen Pughe, in his Dictionary, and on several other occasions, and Mr. Davies, in his Celtic Researches, deserve particularly to be mentioned, for the successful manner in which they have investigated our native tongue, with reference to this main proof of its antiquity: for, if, as may be satisfactorily shewn, a great proportion of primitive elementary sounds exist in Welsh as representative of the most natural and familiar ideas, it will, perhaps, be conceded, upon the general principles already adverted to, that the language, as possessing such a feature, must retain in itself some remnant of that tongue which was once common to the world, and, by a necessary consequence, that its origin must be referred to an early period of human society.

It would, as may readily be imagined, swell this essay to an inconvenient bulk, if I were to enter into a minute examination of this prominent feature of the Welsh tongue; and, after what has already been done by others in this respect, I feel the less reluctance in circumscribing my own humble labours within the limits to which I am now confined. Some few examples, however, I feel it necessary to adduce, even at the risk of submitting what may not be entirely new, in elucidation of a quality which carries with it so strong an evidence of antiquity.

There are few simple sounds, among the many which the human voice is capable of uttering, that are not in the Welsh,

as already observed, indicative of some ideas, general or particular. Thus, the syllable AW implies a principle of fluidity, and was, accordingly, of old used as a term for *water*. By the same rule it enters into the construction of several words that are physically or morally descriptive of this quality. Such are *awdl*, a flowing of the imagination, or an ode; *awel*, a gale or a current of air; *awen*, poetical genius; *awon*, a flowing of waters; *awyr*, the air; *alaw*, instrumental music; *anaw*, vocal music; *cawad*, a shower; and *iawd*, a season. Upon the same principle the simple element CW denotes rotundity or concavity, and, accordingly, forms part of several words to which this idea belongs: as *cwb*, a concavity, a hut, or cot; *cwch*, any round vessel, a boat; *cwm*, a hollow, a dingle; *cwr*, a limit or border; and *cwt*, a roundness, a hovel, or cot. The primitive syllable TA, again, denotes the faculty of extension or expansion: and from this we have *táb*, a surface; *taen*, a spread or layer, as *taen toniar*, the spread of the wave; *tail*, the surface of the soil, manure; *tal*, a front, the forehead; and *tân*, fire, than which there is nothing more strongly indicative of an expanding power. In the same way, there is hardly a simple sound within the compass of the human voice, that may not be traced in the Welsh tongue through its various analogies, thus preserving, in its particular application, a reference to the same general idea, in a manner that must be allowed to mark the primitive origin of the system*.

Another feature of the Welsh language, which serves as a testimony to its ancient descent, is its scheme of initial mutations. The natural tendency of certain sounds to harmonize with others, coming in contact with them, is a principle of which proofs may be found, more or less, to pervade all languages. Accordingly several philological writers have taken considerable pains to collect what may be regarded as the scattered relics of this primitive system, without being aware, that the system itself was, at the time, in full operation in the Welsh language. Vossius, in particular, in his *Etymologicon*, has brought together a multitude of such words as have undergone this metamorphosis; but his researches seem to have been

* See an Essay in the first volume of this work, p. 161, for a fuller illustration of this quality of the Welsh language, the examination of which occurs only incidentally here.—ED.

confined to the Latin and Greek tongues. A more extended investigation would have presented to his view the most satisfactory testimonies to the ancient existence of the principle, in its practical influence on human speech. And there can be little doubt, from the wreck of it still to be traced, that it was originally of a far more comprehensive nature than we even now find it in Welsh, and its kindred dialects, the Breton and Irish, wherein it has a partial existence, as it also had in the Cornish.

The system in question, as preserved in the Welsh language, must not be considered, according to the hasty assertion of some writers, as having been adopted for the mere sake of euphony, how much soever it may, in this point of view, contribute to the beauty and harmony of the language. "It also regulates," as Mr. Owen Pughe has justly observed, "some of the primary forms of construction, as well with respect to syntax, as to the composition of words*;" and in this view the advantage, which it must have possessed over the system of terminal mutations in the Latin and Greek tongues, which was, no doubt, the result of long experience and progressive refinement, cannot but be sufficiently evident. The latter, whatever may be the beauty of its structure, is still complex and artificial; while the former is of the simplest character, having its source in the natural functions of the organs of speech. For, with reference to this particular, it deserves to be noticed, that the system of initial mutations is grounded in Welsh upon a nice and exact attention to the obvious affinity of certain articulations: a letter of one organ, for instance, never being substituted for one of another, as a dental for a labial sound, or a labial, on the other hand, for a dental. Every thing is regular, easy, and natural, and harmonizes, in the truest manner, with the various powers and modulations of the human voice. It is impossible, therefore, not to trace, in this peculiarity of our language, unquestionable evidence of its remote origin, and for which reason it has been very justly surmised by the learned author of the *Archæologia Britannica*, that the practice was, at one time, common to all languages, and that its disuse was a main cause of the variety of dialects, which,

* See Owen's Welsh Grammar, p. 13.—Ed.

by subsequent changes and corruptions, became, in time, distinct languages.

The instances, that might be adduced in support of the preceding remarks, are so numerous, and at the same, so well known, that I shall content myself with referring such, as may wish to satisfy themselves by a full investigation of the subject, to Vossius and other etymological writers, and more especially to our great Archæologist, Mr. Edward Llwyd, who has collected, at the commencement of his valuable work, numerous and convincing proofs, from various languages, of the ancient, and, I may say, universal prevalence of that system, which forms a constituent and prominent part of the Welsh tongue *.

Of all the languages of the world none has obtained more suffrages in favour of its antiquity than the Hebrew: the dignified simplicity of its structure, and more especially the sacredness of the purpose, to which it has been appropriated, have principally contributed to the pre-eminence, which it has thus acquired in public opinion. So far, indeed, have some of its more zealous advocates gone in this respect, and amongst whom is particularly to be mentioned the learned Mr. Parkhurst, as to entertain no doubt, that the language was the immediate gift of the Divinity to the first man. For the reasons, however, which I have already offered, it is hardly necessary for me to say, that I consider this opinion to be the result rather of an excess of pious enthusiasm than of any conclusions drawn from an unprejudiced view of the subject: but, as the position has been successfully combated, if not absolutely refuted, by several learned writers, it would be but a waste of time to dwell on it here. Yet, although it may be difficult, if not impossible, to believe, that the Hebrew tongue was either of divine origin, or that it was even the primitive speech of the world, sufficient remains to convince us, that in point of antiquity it has no competitor, at least none, which, with our limited historical *data*, we can reasonably oppose to it. On this account, when the ancient descent of other languages has been brought under discussion, their correspondence, in any respect, with the Hebrew has always been adduced as a grand argu-

* This peculiarity of the language has also been already separately discussed in the CAMBRO-BRITON.—See vol. i. p. 401.—ED.

ment in their favour. I propose, therefore, to make a few general observations on our native tongue in this point of view.

The most remarkable characteristic of the Hebrew is the simplicity and uniformity of its structure, than which nothing can be more regular, the whole language being formed on comparatively but a few primitive roots, which serve as the basis of this venerable pile. In like manner, the Welsh, although more copious in its radical sounds (which, as it is still a living tongue, cannot be deemed surprising), presents to the eye of a critical observer, a complete and consistent system of speech constructed solely of its own indigenous elements. The simple or primitive sounds, for instance, are employed, for the most part, to express general or abstract ideas, the primary compounds are devoted to *things* of a general or particular nature, while the more complex ideas are expressed by the various combinations which these several sounds afterwards undergo.

Another important feature of the Hebrew tongue is the idiomatic property of constructing its sentences without the aid of verbs, and with which the Welsh agrees so remarkably, that it has been even affirmed, from a consideration of this and some other particulars, that the same rules of syntax might serve for both languages. The following instances, selected almost at random from the Welsh Archaiology, will exemplify what I mean:—

"Nerth eryr yn ei ylvin:
Nerth arth yn ei breichiau:
Nerth tarw yn ei ddwyvron:
Nerth gwraig yn ei thavawd."

And again,

"Nid doethineb ond awen,
Nid awen ond arver,
Nid arver ond cymhell,
Nid cymhell ond cariad,
Nid cariad ond dewis,
Nid dewis ond pwyll,
Nid pwyll ond ystyriaeth,
Nid ystyriaeth ond daioni,
Nid daioni ond o Dduw;
Am hyny nid doethineb ond o Dduw."

But, perhaps, the following passage, with which the Godo-

din of Aneurin commences, will still more forcibly illustrate this singular quality :—

" Gredyv gwr, oed gwas,
Gwhyr yn dias,
Meirch mwth myngvras,
Y dan morddwyd mygyr was,
Ysgwyd ysgavn lydan
Ar bedrein mein buan,
Cledyvawr glas glan,
Ethy aur a phan."

The following is a translation of these lines, and by no means a free one :—

" Lo! the youth, in mind a man,
Daring in the battle's van?
See the splendid warrior's speed,
On his fleet, and thick maned steed,
As his buckler, beaming wide,
Decks the courser's slender side,
With his steel of spotless mould,
Ermined vest and spurs of gold,"

It will be seen, that in these passages, comprising more than twenty lines, there does not occur one verb; and yet there is no deficiency in the sense: but, indeed, the instances of this correspondence of Welsh and Hebrew are so common that it was hardly necessary to adduce even these few.

There are several other points of resemblance between these two ancient languages, upon which it would be easy to dilate at considerable length; but the fear of transgressing all due bounds obliges me merely to take a concise view of the remaining instances. These are, then, the sounds of the several letters; the rules of accentuation on the ultimate and penultimate syllables, which apply both to Hebrew and Welsh; the indeclinable nature of nouns, common to both languages; the superabundance of personal pronouns; the great variety of prefixes and affixes, and their coalescence with other words: the singular advantage possessed in the structure of reflective verbs by means of a prefix, as in the Welsh words *ymdaclu, ymvalchio, ymlygru,* formed from *taclu, balchio,* and *llygru;* the indiscriminate use of the present and future tenses of verbs; and, in fine, the general and striking affinity in idiom and phraseology be-

tween these two ancient tongues. To these strong proofs of a common origin I may add the long list of words in Hebrew and Welsh, so nearly corresponding, that, with a due allowance for the difference of the two alphabets, their complete identity may be presumed. Dr. Davies, in his Dictionary, Mr. Rowland, in his *Mona Antiqua*, Mr. Holloway, in his Hebrew Originals, and other writers, have collected above four hundred examples of these verbal affinities, and which, there is no doubt, a careful collation of the two languages might still farther extend. I cannot better conclude this portion of my imperfect inquiry, than by adopting an observation of the celebrated Dr. Davies, in the preface to his Grammar, and whose words I shall take the liberty of translating. "If then," he says, "a language is to be esteemed more noble, more perfect, more ancient, more suitable to the apt expression of our ideas, according to the greater affinity it bears with the Hebrew, the only language of mankind for more than 1700 years, and, in fine, the mother, fount, and prototype of all other tongues, then I am of opinion that there is none to excel, none to equal, the ancient British."

I have now brought to a close what may be considered the INTERNAL EVIDENCE of the antiquity of the Welsh language; and, however imperfect, as I cannot but feel, my investigation has been, it is yet, I trust, sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical, that we have some grounds for what we pretend to in this respect. It may not be improper, however, to take a short review of the EXTERNAL TESTIMONY, which may be collected on the point under consideration, and by which the other is so greatly fortified. But, as my previous remarks have carried me to a length which I did not anticipate, I shall find it necessary to use every possible brevity in what are to follow.

Among the external proofs of the antiquity of the Welsh tongue none is more obvious than the uncertainty and obscurity of its origin; for "languages," says Dr. Davies, in the work recently quoted, "have no stronger argument for their antiquity than that their source is unknown." Now, from the days of Cæsar, who has given us the first authentic record (if some of the Triads be not of an earlier date) of this island, down to the present, no one has yet penetrated the mysterious

shade which hangs over the fountain of our venerable language. The other tongues of Europe have been traced, according to the various caprices of writers, to their respective sources; and the origin of most, if not all, can with certainty be determined. But the speech of the Cymry forms an anomalous exception to this known fact: and even our most learned philologists have avowed their inability to solve the problem. The most they have attempted has been to consider it as one of the mother tongues of the East, or to have taken its rise immediately from the confusion of Babel.

The very name of the language, and that which the natives have always given it, is itself also a powerful evidence of its ancient origin. CYMRAEG can only mean, as Mr. Walters has very fully shewn in his "Dissertation on the Welsh Language," the language of the aboriginal inhabitants; and upon the same principle the Welsh have ever called themselves CYMRY, implying a first or primitive people: and, if this name is again to be identified with the Cimbri and Cimmerii of the Roman and Greek historians, the language must be referred to that nation, by whom, according to the best authorities, Europe was first colonized. But, even to take the name in its more confined import, as applying only to the Aborigines of of Britain, we have the authority of Cæsar for stating, that their descent was even in his time unknown; and we find from Tacitus, that the intercourse of the Romans with Britain, for more than a century afterwards, had not rendered their information on this point at all more decisive: for the historian tells us, that it was not discovered who the first inhabitants were, or whether they were indigenous, or had emigrated from some other country. Before I quit this point I cannot refrain from observing, that the class of languages, to which the Welsh belongs, and of which it may safely be styled the chief, seems to have been erroneously called CELTIC by most authors that have written upon it. This observation applies particularly to the French authors, who seem to have been, for the most part, ignorant that such a people as the Cimbri ever existed. Some too of our own writers have fallen into the same error, unless they are to find their excuse in the popular misconception upon the subject. The name of CIMBRI, it has been already suggested, had reference to a primitive or parent nation, while the

term CELTIC was applied only to particular tribes of it, which, from local circumstances, acquired that appellation.

A third proof, that may be derived from exterior circumstances in favour of the antiquity of our native language, is the pure and unaltered state in which it has descended to us through so many ages. We have the most satisfactory testimony, as far as human testimony can be satisfactory, that the language, now spoken in Wales, is in no essential respect different from that in which Taliesin and Aneurin, and their cotemporary bards, wrote in the sixth century, the highest period to which we can with any certainty go. Whatever change has taken place has been the effect rather of the arbitrary disguises of orthography than of any other cause: the language has been one, the same, and immutable. Now it is hardly necessary to observe, that of no other living European tongue can the same thing be said with any degree of justice. The English and French writers, even of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, have long become obsolete, excepting to those who make antiquated works their particular study; and even the English poet Spenser, who wrote little more than two centuries ago, is already unintelligible to the general reader. But who will assert, that the works of our earliest bards are not at this day perfectly understood by every one who understands the Welsh tongue in its genuine purity? The fact is indisputable; and this advantage must be chiefly ascribed to the influence of the Bardic Institution, which, according to the records we have of it, made the preservation of the language in its ancient purity one of its indispensable objects. The conclusion, then, that I would draw from all this is, that, if our language has continued uncorrupted and unchanged through more than twelve centuries; if too, during that long period, it has triumphed over not only the destructive accidents and fluctuations of time, but also all the hostility and intercourse of the Saxons and of the English; if, I say, it has not been affected for so many centuries by any of these powerful causes, we are fully justified in presuming, that it must, before that time, have resisted all assaults on its primitive character, notwithstanding that it had to contend for four hundred years with the arms and civilization of Rome. How justly then

may we apply to our venerable tongue the words of the poet, and say,

"NEC POTERIT FERRUM NEC EDAX ABOLERE VETUSTAS."

The last circumstance I shall notice under this head is the remarkable fact, that the Welsh language, or one nearly allied to it, is spoken in other countries, with which Wales has no geographical connection. The first people, that present themselves in this point of view, are the Bretons of France. The latest period, at which any intercourse between the two countries took place, was in the fourth century, when Cynan Meiriadog, Prince of North Wales, is recorded in the Triads to have emigrated to Brittany with a considerable number of followers. The language, however, must have been spoken by the Bretons long before that time; and it was, no doubt, their identity in this particular with the Welsh that induced Cynan to settle amongst them. We may, therefore, infer, that the Bretons and Welsh are remnants of the same original stock, though the precise period of their separation is so remote as to be involved in complete obscurity. The similarity of the Irish language is also worthy of observation, as tending to strengthen this argument in favour of the antiquity of the Welsh. But the most singular circumstance of all, connected with this part of my inquiry, is the affinity with Welsh of a language spoken in Lusatia by a people called Wendi, presumed to be the remains of the ancient Venedi. The fact of the resemblance of the two languages has been satisfactorily ascertained, and justifies the conclusion, that the Wendi are descendants of that primitive nation, the Cimbri, by whom Europe was first peopled, and of whom the Cymry are the more immediate representatives *.

By the summary, but I fear inadequate, view, which I have thus taken of the antiquity of the Welsh tongue, I have endeavoured to shew, that it is to be vindicated, *in the first place*, by those inherent qualities of the language—its elementary cha-

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 97.—We hope hereafter to be able to be able to enter more at large on this interesting inquiry respecting the Wendi; and in the mean time we should feel truly grateful to any of our readers, that could afford us any satisfactory information on the subject.—ED.

racter, its system of literal mutations, and its correspondence in so many respects, both general and particular, with the Hebrew; and *secondly*, by that external testimony, which we derive from the obscurity of its origin, the very name of the language, its existence uncorrupted and unchanged through a period of twelve centuries pregnant with dangers, which nothing but its own innate energies could have surmounted, and by the language, or one nearly similar, being spoken by various nations in every other respect totally distinct from the Welsh.

The cultivation of this pure and venerable tongue, and of the various productions to which it has given birth, especially those of ancient times, necessarily forms the principal aim of this laudable Institution; and, if, in the least degree, these humble remarks may incite a desire to promote this end, my purpose will be sufficiently answered. And, with reference to the national objects to which I have alluded, whether we are to arrive at them by the immediate agency of the Institution itself, or by its encouragement of any exertions elsewhere, I would beg, in conclusion, to apply to the occasion the eloquent words of the Roman orator in his defence of the poet Archias, and say, "*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Quod, si ipsi hæc neque attingere, neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus etiam cum in aliis videremus.*"

J. H. Parry.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS*.

[*Continued from Page* 11.]

C.

Cadell, the son of Urien. He is also called Cadial.

Cadvan, the son of Elias Ledewig, of Llydaw, otherwise called Eneas Ledwig, or Ledwyr. The mother of Cadvan was Gwen Teirbron, the daughter of Emyr Llydaw. Llangadvan, in the comot of Caereinion, in Powys, and the church of

* See Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 30—37.

Tywyn, in Meirion, are dedicated to him. He was buried in Enlli, or Bardsey, where he had presided over a COR, or college. He came over from Armorica, in the early part of the sixth century, accompanied by Cynon, Padarn, Tydecho, Trinio, Hewyn, Dochtwy, Mael, Sulien, Tanwg, Eithras, Llywen, Llyvab, Tecwyn, and Maelrys.

CADVARCH, the son of Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras ab Llyr Merini. His mother was Tegau Eurvron. He had brothers called Maethlu and Tangwn; the former lies at Carneddor, and the latter at Llangoed, both in the isle of Mon. The church of Aber Erch, in Lleyn, is dedicated to Cadvarch, and he was buried there.

CADOG, the son of Brychan. He was buried in France.

CADWALADR, the son of Cadwallon ab Cadvan ab Iago ab Beli ab Rhun ab Maelgwn ab Caswallon Law Hir ab Einion Yrth ab Cunedda Wledig. He was the last king of the Britons; and, having been canonized a saint by Pope Sergius, A.D. 688, he was surnamed the Blessed. Llangadwaladr, in Mon, which was anciently called Eglwysael, is dedicated to him. In this church Cadvan, king of Britain, the grandfather of Cadwaladr, was buried, with the following inscription on his tomb, as given by Rowlands, in his Mona Antiqua:—

CATAMANUS REX SAPIENTISIMUS
OPINATISIMUS OMNIUM REGUM.

The stone is now a lintel over the south door of the church, and part of the inscription is hid in the wall. The church of Chirk, in Denbighshire, was dedicated to Cadwaladr, and anciently called after his name.

CADWG, the son of Gwynlliw, otherwise called Catwg. Llan Gadwg Vawr, in Caermarthenshire, and Llangadwg, in Gwent, are dedicated to him.

CAFO, the son of Caw of Prydyn. Llangafo, in Mon, is dedicated to him; and there is a well in the parish, called Fynnon Gafo, at which young cocks were offered to the saint, to prevent the crying of children—and were well-accepted by the priest.

CAIAN, the son of Brychan. The church of Trevgaian, in Mon, is dedicated to him; and also Llangaian, in Lleyn, where he was buried.

CAMMAB, the son of Gwynlliw, and the brother of Catwg.

CARANOG, the son of Corun. The church of Llangaranog, in Ceredigion, is dedicated to him. He was the brother of Tyrnog.

CATOG, the son of Geraint ab Erbin, and the brother of Cyngar.

CATRIN, St. Catherine. There is a church in Tir Dewi called Eglwys Saint y Catrin; and Llaniestyn, in Monmouthshire, is dedicated to this saint.

CATWG, the son of Gwynlliw ab Glywis ab Tegid ab Cadell; and his mother was Peroferen, the daughter of Llewddyn Luyddog. The following churches are dedicated to him:—Llangatwg Dyfryn Wysg, Llangatwg Meibion Ionaval, and Llangatwg Clènig, in Monmouthshire; Llangatwg Glyn Nedd, Glamorganshire; and Llangatwg, in the county of Brecon. See Cadwg.

CATHAN, the son of Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras. Llangathan, Caermarthenshire, is dedicated to him.

CAW CAWLLWG, the son of Geraint ab Erbin. He was the father of Ceidio, Ane, and Aiddan Voeddog.

CAW o Brydyn, the lord of Cwm Cawlwyd. He had many sons, among whom was the celebrated Gildas.

CAWRDA, the son of Caradog Vreichvras. He was buried at Llangoed, in Mon.

CEDWYN, the son of Gwgon Gwron ab Peredur ab Eliver Gosgorddvawr. His mother was Madrun, the daughter of Gwrthevyr, or Vortimer, king of Britain. Llangedwyn, in the county of Denbigh, is named after him.

CEIDIO, the son of Caw Cawllwg. The churches of Rhodwydd Ceidio, in Mon, and Llangeidio, in Arvon, are dedicated to him. He was brother to Ane, and Aeddan Voeddog.

CEIDIO, the son of Ynyr Gwent, and brother to Cynheidion.

CEINDRYCH, the daughter of Brychan. She was buried in Caer Godolor.

CEINWEN, the daughter of Brychan. She gave name to Llangeinwen, in Mon.

CEINYDR, a saint in Maelienydd, Radnorshire. His mother was Rhiengar.

CELER, or Celert. Bedd Celert, in Arvon, and Llangeler, in Caermarthenshire, are called after him.

Celynin, the son of Heli ab Glànog, the brother of Aelgyvarch, Boda, Brothen, and Rhychwyn. The churches of Celynin, in Meirion, and Celynin, in Arvon, are named after him.

Cenedlon, the daughter of Brychan. She was buried with her sister Clydai on Mynydd Cymhorth, in Emlyn, Pembrokeshire.

Ceneu. Llangeneu, in the county of Brecon, is named after this saint.

Cledog, the son of Brychan. He was buried in Caer Llydor, or Cledog, on the river Mynwy, in Euas, and which, probably, was the present Longtown. In the Book of Llandav he is called Clitaucus.

Cledwyn, the son of Brychan. He overcame Deheubarth.

Cler, or St. Clare, a Norman, to whom St. Clare, in Caermarthenshire, is dedicated.

Clydai, the daughter of Brychan. Eglwys Clydai, in Emlyn, Pembrokeshire, is dedicated to her; and she lies buried, with her sister Cenedlon, on Mynydd Cymhorth.

Collen, the son of Gwynog ab Clydog ab Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras, by Ethni the Gwyddelian, his mother. But in some copies he is called the son of Petrwn ab Coledog ab Gwyn ab Cadellog ab Cawrda. He is the patron saint of Llangollen, in Denbighshire. There is a legend of his life.

Cristiolus, the son of Hywel Vychan ab Hywel ab Emyr Llydaw. Another copy makes him the son of Owain ab Ynyr o Brydain Vach; but the first appears to be right. See Rhystud. There is a church called after his name at Lledwigan, in Mon.

Curig. There is a church bearing his name in Arwystli, Montgomeryshire; there is one called Eglwys Ilid a Churig, and another called Eglwys Porth Curig, in Glamorganshire; and there is Capel Curig ac ei vam Iulita, or the Chapel of Curig and his mother Iulita, in Arvon.

Cwyven, the son of Brwyno Hen ab Corthi o Gwyn Dyvnog yn Lleyn ab Medrod ab Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras. His mother was Camell of Bod Angharad in Coleion. Llangwyven, in Mon, Llangwyven, in the Vale of Clwyd, and Llangwyven, in Monmouthshire, are dedicated to him.

Cwyvyn, the son of Arthalun, of Glyn Achlach, in Ireland.

CWYLLOG, the daughter of Caw, the sister of Gildas, and the wife of Medrod. Llangwyllog, in Mon, is dedicated to her.

CYBI, the son of Selyv ab Erbin ab Cystennin Gorneu. His mother was Gwen, or Tonwen, the daughter of Cyngyr of Caer Gawch, in Mynyw. Cyngar ab Iestin was his uncle. He is sometimes called Bishop of Mon. Caergybi, or Holyhead, is dedicated to him; and also Llangybi, in Arvon, Llangybi, in Ceredigion, and Llangybi, in Monmouthshire.

CYVLEVYR, the son of Brychan, a sainted martyr, lies buried in Ceredigion.

CYNBRYD, the son of Brychan, lies interred in Llandulas, Denbighshire.

CYNDEYRN, generally called Cyndeyrn Garthwys, and by the English Kentigern, was the son of Owain ab Urien ab Cynvarch ab Meirchion Gul ab Grwst Ledlwm ab Ceneu ab Coel. His mother was Dwynwen, or Denai, the daughter of Llewddyn Luyddog, of Dinas Eidyn, in the North. He lies at Llan Elwy, or Saint Asaph.

CYNDEYRN, the son of Arthog ab Ceredig ab Cunedda. Llangyndeyrn, in Caermarthenshire, is dedicated to him. See Cyngar.

CYNVARCH.—In the church-window of Llanvair, in the Vale of Clwyd, there is the inscription of Sanctus Kynvarch. It was the same Cynvarch, most probably, who designed the inscription on the obelisk near Llangollen—

"Conmarch pinxit hoc chirographum Rege suo
"Poscente Concen, &c."

CYNVARWY, the son of Awy ab Lleenog, lord of Cernyw. The church at Llech Cynvarwy, in Mon, is dedicated to him.

CYNVELYN, the son of Bleiddud ab Meirion ab Tibion ab Cunedda Wledig. Llangynvelyn, in Ceredigion, is dedicated to him. See Cynydyn.

CYNVRAN, the son of Brychan. The church of Llysvaen, in Rhos, near Conwy, is dedicated to this saint.—"Rhad Duw a Chynvran lwyd ar y da"—The grace of God and the blessed Cynvran be on the cattle—are words made use of in making an offering on behalf of cattle, at the well of Cynvran, in Llysvaen. Ed. Lhwyd's Itinerary.

CYNVYW, the son of Gwynlliw, the brother of Catwg and Cyniw.

Cynhaval, the son of Elgud ab Cadvarch o Leyn ab Caradog Vreichvras. His mother was Tubrawst, or Tuthlwyniad. Llangynhaval, in Denbighshire, is dedicated to him.

Cynhaiarn, the son of Caranmael ab Cyndrwyn of Llysdyn Wennan, in the comot of Caereinion, in Powys. The name of his father is variously given, Cynwel, Carvael, and Hugarvael; but Llywarch Hen celebrates him under the name of Caranmael. The church of Ynys Cynhaiarn, in Eivionydd, is dedicated to him. He had brothers called Llwchhaiarn, and Aelhaiarn.

Cynheidion, the son of Ynyr Gwent, and his mother was Madrun the daughter of Gwrthevyr, or Vortimer, king of Britain. He was brother to Ceidio and Tegïwg. Llangynheidion, in Cydweli, Caermarthenshire, is dedicated to him.

Cynin, the son of Brychan. Llangynin, in Caermarthenshire is dedicated to him; and there is a church in Dyved, probably founded by him, called Llan Cynin ac ei Weision, or the Church of Cynin and his Youths, otherwise called Cynin ac ei Veibion, or Cynin and his Sons.

Cyniw, the son of Gwynlliw. See Catwg. Llangyniw, in the comot of Caereinion, in Powys, is dedicated to him.

Cynllo, the son of Mar ab Ceneu ab Coel. He is the patron saint of Llangynllo, near Cilcènin, in Ceredigion, and Llangynllo, at Rhaiadr Gwy, in Radnorshire.

Cynog, the son of Brychan, a saint and martyr, whose grave is at Merthyr Cynog, in the county of Brecon. His mother was Banadlwedd, the daughter of Banadle, of Banadla, in Powys; and it is supposed that she was a concubine of Brychan. Cynog is the patron saint of Llangynog, in Mechain Mochnant, Powys, and of Llangynog, in Derllysg, Caermarthenshire.

Cynon.—He came from Llydaw with Cadvan into this island.

Cynydyn, the son of Bleiddud ab Meirion ab Tibion ab Cunedda Wledig, and the brother of Cynvelyn. The Canotin in the inscription on a stone in the church-yard of Llanwnnws, in Ceredigion, was probably the same person.

Cynydyr.—Eglwys Mair a Chynydyr, or the Church of Mary and Cynydyr, is the name of a church in the county of Brecon.

CYNGAR, the son of Arthog ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig. His grave is at Llangevni, in Mon, of which place he is probably the patron saint; as Llangevni is a name given from its locality. Llangyngar, in Flintshire, is dedicated to him *.

CYNGAR, the son of Geraint ab Erbin ab Cystennin Corneu ab Cynvor ab Tudwal ab Eurmwr (Morvawr) ab Caden ab Cynan ab Eudav ab Caradog ab Bran ab Llyr Llediaith. See his brothers, Iestin, Selyv, and Caw Cawllwg, otherwise called Catw.

The following are names of churches, as to which it is not certain whether they are derived from their locality, or are so called after the names of their founders :—

CAIO. Cynwyl Gaio is the name of the district, as well as of the church, in Caermarthenshire.

CAMMARCH. Llangammarch, the name of a church in the county of Brecon.

CANTEN. Llanganten, in Brecknockshire.

CARVAN. Llangarvan, in Glamorganshire.

CARON. Trevgaron, in Ceredigion, or Cardiganshire.

CEDOL. Llangedol, in the parish of Pentir, near Bangor.

CEDYRN. Llangedyrn, in Lleyn, Caernarvonshire.

CENYCH. Llangenych, in the county of Caermarthen.

CIWA. Llangiwa, in the county of Monmouth.

CIWG. Llangiwg, in the county of Monmouth.

COLMON. Llangolmon, in Dyved, or Pembrokeshire.

CRALLO. Llangrallo, in Morganwg, or Glamorganshire.

CYVELACH. Llangyvelach, in Tir Gwyr, or Gower, Glamorganshire.

CYVYW. Llangyvyw, in the county of Monmouth.

CYNNWR. Llangynnwr, in the county of Caermarthen.

CYNWYD. Llangynwyd Vawr, in Glamorganshire.

CYNYDD. Llangynydd, in Tir Gwyr, or Gower-land.

[*To be continued.*]

* We are not aware, that there is any parish in the county of Flint of this name. If there should be, we should be obliged by the information.—ED.

DIDACTICS OF GERAINT *.

THE SONG OF THE BLUE BARD OF THE CHAIR.

THERE are ten oppressions of benevolent beings,
That destroy the world to the end:
Woe to the men where they are!

The violence of the mighty ones and their domination
Over the laborious commonalty:
Woe to such as feel them! direful woe!

The inattention of bishops
In chastising evil men:
Woe to them in the day of doom in the presence of HUON †!

* Some "Aphorisms" of Geraint have already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 329. accompanied by a brief biographical notice of the presumed author, who is generally supposed to be no other than the learned Aser, commonly called Aserius Menevensis, the friend and adviser of the illustrious Alfred. Geraint was known to his countrymen by the bardic appellation of *Bardd Glas*, or Blue Bard, to which he became entitled from being a presiding bard, or "bard proper, according to the right, privilege, and custom of the bards of the Isle of Britain," whose official dress was sky-blue, as that of the Druid was white, and that of the Ovate, green. From this circumstance Geraint is presumed to have derived his name of *Aser*, which appears to be a literal translation of the Welsh *Glas*. The following moral triplets, ascribed to him, are extracted from the Welsh Archaiology, vol. iii. p. 143, where they are said to have been copied from the Book of Joseph Jones, of Caer Dyv, or Cardiff, written about the year 1590. Some other similar remains, contained in the Archaiology, will occasionally be translated under the general head above adopted.

† The name of HUON, or the Pervader, applied to the Deity, appears to have been originally used for the sun, when it was an object of worship among most nations. Its correlative term, HUAN, the pervading essence, was anciently, and still continues, a poetical epithet for the same luminary, as in the following lines of Gwalchmai:—

"Mochddwyrëag *huan* hav dyfestin,
"Maws llavar adar, mygr hïar hin."

The early-rising *sun* of summer is hastening,
Melodious is the voice of birds, splendid the sound-diffusing weather.

In the second volume of this work, p. 69, the reader will find some interesting particulars respecting the term HUON, and its connection with other ancient mythological names.

Greediness, from avarice and sheer usury,
For obtaining goods and wealth:
Woe to them in doom, unwise men!

Perjury without shame
Amongst a generation insincere:
Woe to them in doom before DOVYDD*!

Flaunting vanity in dress,
In contrast to the wise ones of former ages:
Woe to such as cherish it before the NER† of the heavens!

The timidity of a people cultivated,
Fearing to open the mouth:
Woe will be to them in the day of wary scrutiny!

Coldness amongst kindred
Extinguishing love in countries:
Woe to those from the sway of the tyrant!

Drunkenness and every indulgence,
So far that no one loses his countenance:
Woe to them because of their folly!

Notorious adulteries,
Without any one judging them criminal:
Woe to those beings without controul!

Dealing with law unjustly,
Without caring for what is right:
Woe to those who do it because of their full requital!

Woe then to them! saith the Blue Bard,
Who have guarded their propriety:
Woe to those who shall be thus through disgrace!

* The appellation of DOVYDD is often used for the Lord, and is expressive of his controuling power: it means literally the Tamer.

† The term NER is also appropriated to the Supreme Being, and means one that has self-energy; it is the root of *nerth*, the common word for strength. We have, altogether, more than twenty ancient epithets for the Deity, a list of which was given in the preceding volume, p. 104, accompanied by a few illustrative notes. We propose, however, to enter, on some future occasion, into a more detailed examination of this interesting subject.

Woe to them! those of the demoniac tribe,
Who inhabit the cold sloughy quagmire:
Woe to them on account of their punishment in hell!

Be mine a life devoid of self-perdition;
Be there not to men secret communion with vice;
And with this my endowment God will deliver me.

Be mine a life without corrupt tendency,
Considering of my end;
Thus mine will be the protection of the NER of peace.

May aptly-reasoning meditation be mine,
Separating myself from sin;
So God will protect me in the day of doom.

*Thus sang the Blue Bard of the Chair**.

* Subjoined to this "Song" of Geraint, the Archaiology contains the following note:—"The Blue Bard of the Chair was living in the time of "Alfred, king of England, and it is said by Edward David, of Margam, "that he went to that monarch in the capacity of *Bardd Teliaw*."—We cannot now determine the precise signification of the words *Bardd Teliaw*, here used; but a bard, in former times, was synonymous with philosopher, or one versed in general knowledge, its exclusive application to the poetical character being only of modern origin. The verb *Teliaw* stands here as a participial noun, and means a perfecting, harmonizing, or beautifying. Hence the *Bardd Teliaw* may have been the organizing or systemizing bard, or, as we may denominate him in conformity with modern usage, a Master of Arts. If it were necessary to apply the term, *Teliaw*, to any particular branch of art or science, it would be most appropriate to that of *Music*; but even, if Geraint went to Alfred as a master of this art, it must still have been as a man of general learning and science, that he was patronized by the illustrious monarch. TEILAW, the name of the patron saint of Llandav, is a regular inflection of *Teliaw*, and in the Welsh Charter, in the Liber Landavensis, it is written TELIAW. We have also an ancient bard, who is called, indiscriminately, *Ystyfan Vardd*, and *Ystyfan Vardd Teilaw*, but whether as being bard to the saint, or as having that title independent of him, it is now scarcely possible to determine. —Edward David, upon whose authority the above note in the Archaiology is given, was the secretary to whom was assigned the office of arranging the bardic memorials collected at a *Gorsedd*, or General Assembly of Bards, held, in the year 1620, under the auspices of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He died in 1690.

AN EXCURSION THROUGH NORTH WALES*.

His path is 'mid the Cambrian mountains wild;
The many fountains, that, well-wandering down
Plinlimmon's huge rough side, their murmurs smooth
Float round him: Idris, that, like warrior old,
His battened and fantastic helmet rears,
Scattering the elements' wrath, frowns o'er his way,
A broad irregular duskiness. Aloof,
Snowdon, the triple-headed giant, soars,
Clouds rolling half-way down his rugged sides.

MILLMAN'S SAMOR.

A modern writer has needlessly divided the idle people, as he calls them, who wander abroad during the summer season into six classes, namely, Idle Travellers, Lying Travellers, Proud Travellers, Vain Travellers, Splenetic Travellers, and Inquisitive Travellers; forgetting that in this classification he applies to himself one of these reproachful epithets, for he also was a traveller, and makes no reservation in his own favour. But he is, surely, too harsh and satirical. All travellers are not actuated by motives so worthless as those thus churlishly implied. There are many individuals whose minds, finely formed and improved by education, and endowed with a natural thirst after knowledge, lead them forth in search of that invigorating instruction which they cannot acquire at home, and which, while it affords them unceasing amusement, teaches them at the same time the full value of human power and capability.

Travelling, moreover, improves the mind wonderfully;—it expands and strengthens the faculties infinitely more than all the dry and dusty learning of the schools, and implants in our hearts that genuine benevolence and virtue, which induces us feelingly to sympathise with, and relieve, the miseries of our fellow-creatures; it imbues us with the perfect consciousness of our dependence upon others, and teaches us to value all those blessings which we enjoy, with a firm and grateful reliance on the decrees of Providence.

But I do not mean by this to arrogate to myself the virtues,

* This Excursion, to use the words of our Correspondent, "comprises a description of the most remarkable scenes in Carnarvonshire, and is interspersed with several characteristic historical sketches."—ED.

which I have thus enumerated—far from it. The motive, which induced me to wander forth amid the wild hills of the Principality, was one of the most common and natural to man, an earnest desire of seeing two or three old and valued friends in Carnarvonshire, whose pressing invitations I had for a long time resisted,—and of surveying, at the same time, some of the most interesting scenes in that romantic and secluded part of the kingdom. Finding, then, that my professional avocations would permit me to absent myself for a month or two from the metropolis, I left London, in company with my friend D——, about the middle of last April, having previously arranged to proceed *per coach* to Shrewsbury, from thence on foot to the little town of Corwen, in Merionethshire, to meet the Holyhead coach, which would convey us towards Carnarvon, where we purposed to quarter ourselves with my friend Mr. G——, in order that we might visit the many beautiful scenes and interesting objects in its vicinity. Having made this arrangement, we secured two places for Saturday the 14th of April, in the Union post-coach, which leaves the Bull-and-Mouth every afternoon at three precisely, and arrives at Shrewsbury between five and six the following evening.

We were fortunate enough to have fine weather for our journey—a little dull and cloudy at first—but beautifully calm and clear during the night, with a bright moon, and a cool invigorating breeze. To add to our comfort—for D. and I are really so gothic as to believe that comfort may be found, if one be disposed to find it, even in a stage-coach—our fellow-travellers, (a very genteel, and rather lively young lady, with a hearty, well-informed, old gentleman, her father) were very agreeable, very polite, and very good-humoured. Thus circumstanced, we went smoothly and merrily on our way, and did not once regret that we had ventured on a journey of 160 miles in a vehicle, which a facetious friend has emphatically denominated Mr. Willan's Patent Peril Coach*. Nay, to speak candidly, we prefer, in many respects, the animating bustle of the stage-coach to the hum-drum quietude of the post-

* In opposition, I presume, to the Patent Safety Coaches, not long since invented by Mr. Mathews, of Islington. I can only assign one reasonable motive for this appalling denomination, and that is, the rash and unwise manner in which most of the coaches on the great western road are loaded. This ought to be looked to and remedied.

chaise. For expedition, and that too with comparative comfort and convenience, there can be no comparison; and, when the company is agreeable, and the driver civil and attentive, the stage is decidedly our favourite.

The post-chaise, indeed, as Mr. Leigh Hunt has observed, is "home in motion*;" but the smooth running along the road—the fresh air—the variety of scene—the leafy grounds—the bursting propects—the clatter through a town—the gaping gaze of the village—and the hearty appetite—which he has considered as peculiar to the chaise, are equally, if not more, applicable to the coach; a journey in which certainly "puts the animal spirits at work, and throws an inspiriting novelty over the weary road of life." Besides, to unshackled bachelors, like my friend and me, who delight above all things in the contemplation of men and manners, the stage-coach possesses an attraction by the very variety and combination of character which it brings together. But it has other advantages, neither few nor unimportant; for, (to borrow the words of the pleasing writer already quoted), "it is a very great and unpretending accommodation: it is also a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage, or a horse; and, I really think, in spite of its gossipping, that it is no mean help to village liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little, yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing, generally, to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not acquire a habit of speaking—and even of thinking—more kindly of one another, than if they mingled less often, or under other and more formal circumstances.

In short, the company of a stage-coach always reminds me of what Dr. Paley† has termed "the equality of the human species." The commingling of rich and poor does undoubtedly promote humility and condescension in the higher orders of the community, and inspire the lower with a just and proper estimate of their rights. The distinctions of civil life are almost always too much, and too peremptorily, insisted upon, and fre-

* See his *Indicator*, the discontinuance of which is most seriously to be regretted by all the lovers of literature.

† Moral Philosophy, Book v. chap. 4.

quently urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the the natural level, by qualifying the disposition, which grows out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Having thus, I hope, successfully vindicated my partiality for stage-coaches, I will resume my narrative.

We reached Oxford about two A. M., and nothing can surpass the beauty of the scene, as the pale moon-beams rested on the venerable walls of the colleges in the High-street, shedding a mild and mellow light upon their antique turrets.

> How beautiful on yonder time-worn towers
> The mild moon gazes! Mark,
> With what a lovely and majestic step
> She treads along the heavens!
> And, oh! how soft, how silently she pours
> Her chastened radiance on the scene around;
> And hill, and dale, and tower
> Drink the pure flood of light.
> Roll on, roll on, queen of the midnight hour,
> For ever beautiful.

I never visit Oxford,—that vast and ancient depository of human learning—that "sacred nursery of blooming youth," as Wordsworth terms it,—without experiencing a kind of pleasureable awe altogether indescribable. There is so lofty an association—so pure and elevated a pleasure, in the recollection of the many mighty scholars and exalted characters, which it has from the earliest ages poured forth to instruct and enlighten the world, that a Briton must derive a proud and powerful gratification from the remembrance of all the worth and all the piety which Oxford has produced. As we drove down through the town in the still hour of midnight, the reposing tranquillity and deep silence, which invested the city, communicated a feeling of almost breathless awe, which was yet further augmented by occasional glimpses of the dark and frowning battlements of the colleges. But the grovelling mind of our accomplished charioteer experienced no delight in a scene so calm and beautiful. Unfurling the long lash of his whip, he smacked it loudly and triumphantly as he ascended Magdalen-bridge, and our vehicle rolled rapidly on towards Birmingham.

We arrived at Shrewsbury about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and were very forcibly struck with the extreme beauty of its approach from the great London road. As we drove over the English Bridge, the sun seemed resting his glowing disk upon a ridge of blue mountains, emerging, as it were, from the far-distant horizon; while his departing rays fell full upon the dark waters of the Severn like a column of living gold. Far as the eye could reach, towards the west, was seen the bold and undulating outline of the Welsh hills, wrapped in misty vapour, through which the setting sun gleamed ruddily, illumining the spires of one or two of the old churches with a portion of his own bright glory. But we were soon in the midst of the antique buildings of the town, and shortly found ourselves in the yard of the Lion, a large respectable inn, with very good accommodations.

After a hasty dinner, which we seasoned with some capital sherry, D—— and I strolled out in the cool of the evening to view the town, and refresh ourselves after our journey. The church and chapel bells were chiming to evening prayers as we walked forth, and, having reached St. Alkmund's, we entered, and remained during the service. This church is remarkable for the great beauty of its spire, and for an exquisitely painted window, by the celebrated Egginton, of Handsworth, near Birmingham. The subject is Faith, with the motto—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." There was still sufficient light remaining to enable us to see distinctly this admirable specimen of Mr. Egginton's powers. A beautiful female figure, kneeling on a cross and extending her hands towards heaven, represents Faith, and the delicate expression of mingled adoration and meekness, depicted on her countenance, is indeed admirable. The drapery is in unison with the figure—neither glaringly coloured nor exaggerately designed. In short, there is a chastened purity about the whole, which I have never seen excelled, nor, indeed, equalled, if we except a specimen or two of the performance of Mr. Backler, of Newman-street.

There is a curious tradition relative to this church, by which we learn that, in the year 1552, no less a personage than his satanic majesty honoured it with a visit during the celebration of high mass! The town was wrapped in gloom, and the ele-

ments, as is customary on these occasions, were fearfully agitated at the unsolicited presence of the Prince of Darkness.

> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
> The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
> Were strangely clamourous to the frighted fields.

He passed through the church, and ascended the spire, maliciously damaging the clock-machinery in his progress, and attempting to clutch one of the bells, which he would doubtless have carried off as a trophy of his expedition, had it not, according to the usage of the times, been happily consecrated, thereby resisting the effort made for its removal by one so unhallowed: it retained, however, a deep impression of the *ungues diabolici*. It is furthermore maintained, that on this memorable occasion the evil one appeared under the similitude of a Grey Friar! But, whether he bestrode one of Mr. Southey's high-trotting horses*, a hippogriff, or a broom-stick, tradition saith not.

Shrewsbury has every appearance of an old town. There is a sober air of sombre antiquity about most of the houses, which contrast very agreeably with the more elegant modern buildings, and there is a charming simplicity about the lower orders of the inhabitants (for the gentry of Salopia have been celebrated for their pomposity from time immemorial), which accords well with their remoteness from the metropolis, and presents a gratifying spectacle to one, whose life has been passed amidst the turmoil and sophistication of the great city.

As we wished to enter Wales with the loss of as little time as possible, we returned to the inn after a short stroll long the Quarry, and arranged respecting our progress through the Principality. We had originally intended to walk from Shrewsbury to Oswestry, a distance of eighteen miles; but we discovered, upon inquiry, that we should find nothing to repay us for the toil of our walk. We, therefore, ordered a post-chaise (there being no public conveyance on that road at a convenient hour) to be at the door at nine the next morning to convey us thither. We were advised to deviate a little from our proposed route, and visit Rhiwabon and Wrexham from Oswestry, instead of proceeding directly to Llangollen and Corwen; a plan we readily adopted, as will be seen in the sequel.

* See the "Old Woman of Berkeley," a ballad, by R. Southey, Esq.

We reached Oswestry a little after one o'clock, and found, at the Cross Foxes, all that a traveller can reasonably expect at an inn, more especially when it is situated on the Welsh borders *. Nay, we were somewhat surprised to find accommodations so superior at a place so retired; and the civility of our host and his attendants was commensurate with the excellency of the fare we fed upon.

Oswestry was one of the chief border towns on the Welsh frontier, and probably witnessed more of the barbarous and sanguinary ferocity of the rough mountaineers in the times of old, than any other town in England. Being also one of the principal manors of the Marches of Wales, its inhabitants, during that gloomy period which intervened between the Conquest and the Union of the Principality, were in a state of continual peril from the wild and daring incursions of the Welsh borderers. And, even long subsequent to the Union, the Oswestrians and their contumacious neighbours, actuated by that terrible enmity, which burnt so long unquenched between them, took every opportunity of harassing and plundering one another. Nay, this system of mutual robbery and rapine became generally prevalent, in a greater or less degree, throughout the whole extent of the Marches; and it appears to have continued without any material interruption to a comparatively late period. Indeed, the merciless laws, enacted against the Welsh, after the conquest of their country, and the unendurable oppression, which the Lords Marches so freely exercised, were not calculated to allay the proud and impetuous animosity of the mountaineers. To expect mildness and courtesy from those, to whom no mildness or courtesy was shewn, were futile and ridiculous: the Indian might as justly look for tameness and submission from the roused and irritated lion. Thus circumstanced, both parties considered, as goods lawfully obtained, every thing which they could seize in each other's territory: they, therefore, took such precautions on both sides, as were most conducive to the preservation of their property. The dwellings of the English were surrounded by

* We need not apologize, we are sure, to our worthy Correspondent for observing, that we are not precisely aware, why an inn on the "Welsh borders" may not be expected to furnish accommodations equal to those of an inn in any other situation.—Ed.

moats, and defended by palisadoes, and their cattle was driven every night into the fence thus constructed. For the intimidation of their predatory opponents, a gallows was erected in every frontier manor, and, if any Welshman was luckless enough to be captured beyond the line of demarcation, he was immediately hanged on the said gallows, and there suspended *in terrorem,* till another prisoner was ready to supply his place. Every town within the Marches had, also, a horseman, ready equipped "with a sword and spear," who was maintained for the express purpose of apprehending these marauders. On the other hand, the Welsh trusted for their defence to the intricacies of their deep woods, and to the ruggedness of their mountain fastnesses; and they put in force the *lex talionis,* whenever opportunity occurred, to its fullest and most rigorous extent.

These contests and robberies were in full vogue so late as the 16th century; and in 1534 the stewards, constables, and lieutenants of Oswestry and Powis castles entered into a compact to endeavour to restrain, in their own districts, these licentious and unruly practices. It was accordingly agreed, that if, after a certain day then appointed, any person of one lordship committed felony in another, he should be arrested, and sent to the lordship, where the offence had been committed, to be duly punished; and that if any goods or cattle were stolen from one lordship, and conveyed into another, the tenants or inhabitants of that lordship should either pay for the same within fifteen days, or otherwise four of their principal men should remain in bail, or mainprize, till the property was paid for, or recovered. It does not appear, however, that the exertions of these officers effectually annihilated these "detestable malefacts," as they were called; for amongst the records of the Drapers' Company at Shrewsbury, there is the following minute:—"25 Elizabeth, anno 1583. Ordered, that no Draper set out for Oswestry on Mondays before six o'clock in the morning, on forfeiture of 6*s.* 8*d.*; and that they wear their weapons all the way, and go in company. Not to go over the Welsh-bridge* before the bell toll six." It is further

* This was an old bridge over the Severn at the west entrance to Shrewsbury. It was defended by a tower at each end for the prevention of any attack from the Welshmen. It has been long since demolished, and its place is supplied by a neat modern structure.

stated, that "William Jones, Esq. left to the said Company £1. 6*s.* 8*d.*, to be paid annually to the Vicar of St. Alkmund's, for reading prayers on Monday mornings before the Drapers set out for Oswestry market*."

In this barbarous and turbulent state did the Welsh continue long before the reign of Henry VIII., although a statute was then enacted, which admitted them to an equal participation of the same privileges as the English themselves enjoyed. This statute, says Mr. Justice Blackstone, in the Introdution to his Commentaries, gave the utmost advancement to their civil prosperity by admitting them to a thorough communication of laws with the people of England. Thus (he continues) were this brave people gradually conquered into the enjoyment of true liberty, being insensibly put upon the same footing, and made fellow-citizens with the conquerors. But many years elapsed before the Welsh reaped the full advantage of this union. They were at first most obstinately averse to the adoption of the milder manners of their conquerors; but the abolition of the severe laws, enacted against them in former reigns, led them to think more favourably of the English, and finally, by associating more amicably with them, to adopt their manners, and imitate their customs. The page of the historian, and the traditions of the country, are now the only proofs of their vindictive enmity towards the English, and nearly all the traces of their fierce hostility are now wiped away from the face of the earth. The Welsh Bridge, with its strong and well-defended towers, is no more; the appalling gibbets are demolished; and all, that remains of Oswestry Castle, is the mound of earth on which it was erected, with a few scattered stones, which once composed its masonry.

The Welsh are now content, amidst the recesses of their secluded hills, with pastimes more gentle and endearing than those which their ancestors revelled in. They are yet, indeed, for the most part—I speak of the peasantry in the remoter districts of North Wales—a rude and unpolished people; but their contumacious turbulence is softened down and transformed into cordial hospitality, and kind but rugged courtesy. But they have not forgotten the martial deeds and valiant exploits

* Bingley's North Wales, vol. ii. p. 103.

of their forefathers—the narration of which, even now, serves to while away the winter's evening in the peasant's cottage.

> Such themes inspire the border-shepherd's tale,
> When in the gray thatch sounds the fitful gale,
> And constant wheels go round with whirling din,
> As by red ember light the damsels spin:
> Each chaunts by turns the song his soul approves,
> Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.
>
> Still to the surly strain of martial deeds
> In cadence soft the dirge of love succeeds,
> With tales of ghosts that haunt unhallowed ground,
> While narrowing still the circle closes round,
> Till, shrinking pale from nameless cause of fear,
> Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear

And are not these simple and innocent pastimes a thousand times more gratifying than all the rude and sanguinary heroism of a savage border-chieftain and his clan?

Like all border towns of any magnitude, Oswestry was defended by a castle; it was also fortified by four gates*, and a wall. Three of these gates are yet standing, the fourth, with the wall, is destroyed. According to the Welsh historians, the castle was founded in 1148, by Meredydd ab Bleddyn, Prince of Powis; but the English attribute its erection to Alan, a noble Norman, who came over in the train of the Conquerors. It was a fortress of great strength and extent, and had its *ballium*, or yard—comprehending that part of the town now called the Bailey-head—its *barbican*, or outer-gate, where the poor and maimed were usually relieved, and its chapel, placed at a short distance from the main entrance, and dedicated to St. Nicholas. A curious fact, connected with the history of this castle, illustrates the rude barbarism of the times in rather a

* These are called the Black-gate, (now destroyed) the New-gate, the Willow-gate, and the Beatrice-gate. The last is a handsome building, with a guard-room on both sides, and over it are the arms of the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, with a lion-rampant for the crest. It was probably built by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, in the beginning of the reign of Henry IV., who named it in honour of his wife Beatrice, a natural daughter of the king of Portugal. Over the New-gate is the figure of a horse in full speed, with an oaken bough in his mouth. There is a tradition, that this equestrian effigy alludes to the famous breed of horses, for which Powisland was so renowned, and which was derived from some fine Spanish stallions, introduced into this part of the country by Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury.—PENNANT, i. 338, 8vo. Edition.

forcible manner. In the year 1214, a complaint was made to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Llywelyn ab Gruffydd ab Madog against the constable of Oswestry castle, *for compelling him to put to death two young noblemen*, in derogation of their high birth and extraction; which disgrace, observes the Welshman, their parents would not have undergone for *three hundred pounds stirling!* He complains also, that the said constable, a despotic worthy in his way, had twice imprisoned sixty of his men, extorting from each ten shillings for his liberty.

It will naturally be supposed, that, situated as Oswestry was, it was exposed to numerous disasters. In 1216, king John ordered it to be plundered and destroyed, because its inhabitants had refused to interfere in his dispute with the barons. It experienced a similar fate in the reign of Henry III. during an incursion of the Welsh. In the beginning of the 15th century it was again burnt and plundered by some of Owain Glyndwr's followers; and since that period it has suffered dreadfully from three extensive conflagrations. In 1542, two long streets were consumed; two years afterwards there was a fire even more destructive than this, and in 1567, two hundred houses were burnt to the ground in only two hours, namely, between two and four in the morning. Considering the tumultuous state of that part of the country, it is but fair to infer, that these latter calamities were the premeditated work of some of the Welsh freebooters.

There are few places more interesting in a retrospective point of view, than the town of Oswestry. The associations connected with it are, indeed, deeply imbued with blood and slaughter; but its history would afford a faithful portrait—horrid and sanguinary though it be—of the state of Wales before its union with England. Even its very name arose from the ashes of a slaughtered prince. In the year 642 a battle was fought near the town (then called Maeserfield) by Oswald, the brave and generous king of Northumberland, and Penda, the ferocious monarch of Mercia. Oswald was defeated, and fell in the field of battle, and Penda, with blood-thirsty barbarity, fixed his mangled limbs on stakes*, as so many trophies of his victory:—

* In Number 1981 of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is the following note:—"There was an old oake lately standing in Maesburie,

Cujus et abscissum caput abscissosque lacertos,
Et tribus affixos palis pendere cruentos
Penda jubet: per quod reliquis exempta relinquat
Terroris manifesta sui, Regemque beatum
Esse probet miserum; sed causam fallit utramque,
Ultor enim fratris minimè timet Oswinsillum,
Immo timere facit, nec rex miser, immo beatus
Est, qui fonte boni fruitur semel et sine fine.

Thus the place was called *Oswaldstre*, or Oswald's Town*, and subsequently Oswestry. Θ.

[*To be continued.*]

ANTHOLOGIANA.—No. I.

Under this title we design occasionally to introduce a selection of poetical phrases out of the works of our early bards, for the purpose of presenting to the reader, not so much passages of general poetical merit, as those detached and isolated beauties of expression, which are found, more or less, to characterize the poetry of all countries; and that of Wales possesses many peculiarities in this point of view. If, indeed, it does not glow with all the richness of oriental imagery, it still

within the parish of Oswestrie, whereon one of king Oswald's armes hung, say the neighbours by tradition."

* *Tre*, or *trev*, in Welsh, signifies a *town*. [Our Correspondent appears to be under a slight mistake in considering the terminal syllable of *Oswaldstre* to be a corruption of the Welsh *trev*: the fact is, that the place is traditionally presumed to derive its name from the event alluded to in the preceding note, and was therefore called *Oswald's Tree*, of which the Welsh name, *Croes Oswallt*, is a literal version, with reference to the purpose for which the tree in question is said to have been used. But it is here proper to mention, that the Welsh accounts are at variance with this tradition; for, according to them, Oswestry owed its original name to Oswael, one of the sons of Cunedda Wledig, a Cumbrian prince of the fourth century, to whom, upon the flight of his family from the North, a considerable territory was allotted in this neighbourhood. And, with respect to the death of Oswald, above mentioned, it is recorded by Bede and other writers, to have taken place at Maserfeld, in Northumberland, and not near Oswestry, according to our correspondent's statement, which, however, is supported by other authorities. How to reconcile these conflicting accounts we know not, and can only, with all due humility, observe with the poet—*non nostrûm tantas componere lites.*—Ed.]

possesses many charms of phraseology, that are emphatically its own. Occasional energy of feeling, conveyed in a peculiar conciseness and depth of expression, is its most prominent feature, and is, no doubt, the cause that it carries to persons, unacquainted with the language, an air of considerable obscurity. We may hope, however, that even these will not find their attention fatigued by the extracts, which may, from time to time, compose our ANTHOLOGIANA, which, as the term implies, will embrace rather some of the scattered flowers of the AWEN than the charms of its luxuriant foliage in all their fulness and variety *.

From the same desire of ingratiating ourselves, as much as possible, with the English reader, we have refrained from prefixing to this article a Welsh title, to which the language presents so many temptations. In fact, there is no characteristic of the Welsh tongue more remarkable than its aptitude for diversifying its expressions to an almost endless variety, a quality, which has already been partially noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON †, and of which we propose hereafter to take a more comprehensive view. Among the many beautiful terms, that might have been adopted on this occasion, as synonymous with *Anthologiana*, are *Ceinion Awen*, Jewels of the Muse, *Teleidion Barddas*, or *Tlysau Barddoni*, Beauties of Bardism, to say nothing of the numerous combinations, that might be formed of such words as *blodionos, eirianion, eirion, mireinion, mygrion*, or *tlysi*,—all of them not merely particularly expressive, but, in the highest manner, poetical. We have been induced to notice this circumstance, as it happens to be intimately associated with our subject, since it is to the taste and genius of our bards, and especially the more ancient, that this delicate and fertile variety of diction is, in an eminent degree, to be ascribed.

In the prosecution of this subject, the translations will, in all cases, be as literal as possible, leaving the reader to imagine corresponding elegancies of expression in the English; for,

* The reader must not imagine, that there is any thing in this observation at variance with the general character of Welsh poetry, given in our last Number, p. 43, *et seq.* What we have now remarked has still reference more to the diction, than to the thoughts, of the Welsh muse.

† See particularly an Essay on the Ornamental Properties of the Welsh Tongue, at the beginning of the second volume.

otherwise, he will form no true conception of the original phraseology.

We shall begin with Taliesin, who, celebrating the bravery of Owain ab Urien, says—

Oedd vàl rhwysg tanwydin dros elvydd—
He was like the course of a meteor over the land.

The same bard describes an army on the march:

——Eu cleddyvawr
Glesynt esgyll gwawr.
Their sword-blades
Tinged with blue the wings of the dawn.

Aneurin begins a stanza of the Gododin thus—

Gwyr á aeth Gattraeth gàn wawr;
Digymyrus eu hoed i eu hangenawr:
Medd yvynt, melyn, melys, maglawr.

Men went to Cattraeth with the dawn;
Unconsoling their absence to those to whom they are necessary:
Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring.

Thus, further on—

Crau cyrchynt, cynnullynt reiawr,
Yn gynvan, màl taran twrv aesawr.
To blood they resorted, they collected together spears,
Loud in front, like thunder, the storm of shields.

The same bard thus describes one of his heroes—

Pan grysiai Cydywal, cynnwyrëai
Awr gàn wyrdd wawr cyn y dodai;
Aesawr dellt am bellt á adawai,
Parau ryn rwygiad dygymynai
Yn nghad———
When Cydywal hastened onward, simultaneously rose
The shout with the green dawn ere he laid on;
Splintered shields about the outskirts he would leave,
Shafts of fearful tearing he would cleave
In conflict.

In bewailing the fallen warriors he speaks thus—

Byr en hoedl, hir eu hoed àr eu carant,
Llawer mam á deigr àr ei hamrant.

Short their lives, long mourn'd their loss by those who lov'd them:
Many a mother is there with a tear upon her eye-lash.

Merddin thus sings to the apple-trees given him by Gwenddolau, in the woods of Caledonia—

Avallen beren, burwen o vlodau,
I a'i hys melys ei havalau.

Delicious apple-tree, supremely white with blossoms,
To those, who eat them, sweet *are* its apples.

Merddin thus speaks of himself—

Yn ngwaith Arderydd oedd aur vy ngorthorch,
Cyn i bwy aelaw gàn eiliw eleirch.

In the battle of Arderydd gold was my wreath of pre-eminence,
Ere I became slighted by her in hue like swans:

But the most beautiful of all the strains of Merddin is the following couplet, in Trochaics, out of his Hoianau—

Cafant bawb eu teithi, llawen vi Brython,
Ceintor corn elwch cathl heddwch a hinon.

Every body shall obtain his rights, the Brython will be glad,
The horn of triumph is sounding the hymn of peace and serenity.

ADVEDDIANT GWYNVA.

We now fulfil our promise, by offering two more specimens of Mr. Harris's Translation of Paradise Regained; and, in order to enable our readers the more readily to appreciate its merits, we shall also transcribe the corresponding passages in the original. The first extract represents the conduct of Satan, after having addressed his "gloomy consistory," at the beginning of the first Book:—

"He ended: and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,

Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide;
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
This Man of Men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd;
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
Of the Most High, who, in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake."---B. i. l. 129.

" Dystawai: ac am hon ei araeth drist
Y synynt gethern ufern; gan ovn dwys
Aruthrynt a gwallgovynt am y blin
Hysbysiaeth; ond àr hyn o bryd nid oedd
Dim amser i gyd ddwyn âg ovnau prudd:
Yn unvryd rhoddynt oll eu goval a
Rheolaeth y priv antur hwn i law
Eu mawr lywiedydd, cynt gynnygiad hwn
Yn erbyn dynol ryw á lwyddai yn
Nghwymp Addav, ac á weiniai er eu hynt
O ufernolion fauau du i vyw
Mewn gwawl, yn deyrnedd a llywyddion mawr,
Ië duwiau àr daleithiau teg a maith.
I làn Iorddonen velly cyrcha eve,
Yn wregysedig gàn ddichellion fûr,
I'r màn tebycav lle y cafai eve
Hwn ddyn o ddynion, uchel Vab Duw Nev,
I'w brovi ev â phob dichellion dwvn,
Mal o wyrdroi yr hwn à dybiai eve
Yn dderchavedig roddi tervyn clau
Ar ei deyrnasiad, à vwynêid mòr hir;
Ond, i'r gwrthwyneb, yn ddiwybod ev
A gyvlawnâai vwriad cadarn y
Goruchav, hwn, yn mhlith ryw liaws cain
O engyl fawg, wrth Gabriel gwedai hyn."

The next short extract is one of a different complexion from the foregoing, and represents our Saviour's entrance into the wilderness previous to his Temptation.

" So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days

Lodg'd in Bethabara, where John baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his god-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With Solitude, till, far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursued."---B. i. l. 195.

" Evelly cenynt hwy yn nev mòr bêr :
Cyvamser, tra yr oedd Mab Duw, hwn á
Letyai yn Methabara, lle y
Bedyddiai Ioan, yn dwys vyvyrio yn
Mha vodd y byddai iddo ddechreu àr
Y gorchwyl pwysig o achubaw dyn,
A pha sut gyntav i gyhoeddi ei
Nevolaidd swydd, yn barawd oedd yn awr.
Un dydd un unig cerddai allan eve,
Yr Ysbryd ac ei veddwl dwvn ei hun
Yn ei arweiniaw, vàl y gallai yn well
Ymgymdeithasu âg unigrwydd hof,
Hyd pell o drigva dynion, meddwl àr
Ol meddwl yn dylynu, doai eve
I ymyl y difeithiwch cethin gwyllt,
Ac yn gylchedig gàn wasgodion gwyll
A chreigiau erch, màl hyn canlynai àr
Ei vyvyrdodau santaidd, nevawl ryw."

It may not be quite fair, perhaps, to enter into any minute criticism of a work, that is not as yet before the public; but we think it right to suggest, that the same blemish, which we took occasion to notice to a partial extent in Coll Gwynva, occurs more frequently in this translation. We allude to the termination of the line with such weak particles, as *a*, *ar*, *y*, *yn*, *ei*, not fewer than ten instances of which are to be found in the two preceding extracts of little more than forty lines. This peculiarity has not only an injurious effect upon the force and harmony of the verse, but is also offensive to the eye by severing the particle from the noun, with which it is grammatically connected. It will be admitted, that such a practice

would not be tolerated in English; and we see no reason, why the Welsh language, which presents almost equal facilities for the composition of blank verse, should be thus enfeebled. Our chief motive for noticing this deformity has been the hope, that the translator will avoid it, as much as possible, in the ensuing part of his work. For the rest, we have no difficulty in repeating, what we observed last month, that the performance is, in most essential respects, highly creditable to the talent, as it is to the patriotism, of Mr. Harris, and cannot fail to prove a respectable accession to our national literature.

BARDIC CONGRESSES.

THE revival, during the last three years, of the ancient custom of holding Bardic Congresses cannot but communicate an interest to any inquiry into the history of this national practice. To ascend to the *summa vestigia rerum*, however, by investigating the origin of the Bardic Institution itself, is beyond the present purpose, even if the subject had not before undergone a partial examination in this work *. The following inquiry will therefore be confined to such a summary view of the Congresses of past times, as we may be able to draw from our historical records, without pretending to exhaust a subject, the full investigation of which must be left to more laborious researches.

Bardic assemblies appear to have been anciently of two sorts, the GORSEDD and the CADAIR †: there have indeed since been other names in use; but these were the two main distinctions, the first having reference to a general or supreme Congress and the last to one merely particular or provincial. In process of time, however, these original distinctions seem to have faded away, or to have been applied indiscriminately to the two modes of meeting: for this reason, we shall avoid making use of the Welsh terms, and shall speak of the assemblies of both sorts, under one general English denomination.

* Vol. i. p. 445.

† *Gorsedd* and *Cadair* imply, alike, a Chair or Seat of Presidency, and differ only in their degrees.

That the Bardic Congress, in its primitive character, was of high antiquity may be sufficiently proved by the authority of Cæsar, who speaks of the annual assemblies of the Druids of Gaul at an appointed central situation in the territory of the Carnutes*: and, as, upon another occasion, he ascribes the origin of the Druidical institution to this island, his testimony must be considered of equal value with reference to the Druids or Bards of Britain. And, indeed, were it not so, the stupendous Druidical remains, still to be seen on Salisbury Plain, seem to mark that spot as the scene of these Bardic assemblies at a period far beyond the reach of our historical records. In those Triads too, which profess to preserve the Institutes of Dyvnwal Moelmud, who is supposed to have lived some ages before the Christian era, express mention is made of the Bardic Congress, which is styled one of the three privileged assemblies and one of the three assemblies of fraternal union†. Of the antiquity, then, of this practice there can be no rational doubt; and it seems equally evident, that it formed originally an integral part of the civil policy of the country. Yet, upon the destruction of the religious ascendancy of the Druids, the Bardic Congress must have lost its political consequence, though it seems long afterwards to have retained its institutional character, as the medium of preserving the traditions, laws, and doctrines of Bardism. Political feuds, however, and dissensions among the bards themselves, seem occasionally to have interrupted the practice of holding the Congresses, as well as, in time, to have made material innovations on their genuine character. What was originally appropriated to the preservation of the ancient memorials and institutes of the Bardic system became gradually subservient to the promotion of minstrelsy and song. And, even in this point of view, the Bardic Congresses appear, for a long period succeeding the conquest of Wales, to have been wholly discontinued, owing, in all probability, to the jealous policy of the English, who, conscious of the influence of the ancient Bards, dreaded the possibility of of its revival in their descendants. However, the primitive custom, in shadow at least, if not in substance, was, in time, recovered by the Cymry, and has continued, at intervals, to be enjoyed, with more or less spirit, nntil the period of its late auspicious revival.

* Bell. Gall. lib. vi. c. 13, 14. † Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 283.

Such is the faint and general outline of the history of the Bardic Congresses, and which, unfortunately, the surviving records of past ages do not allow us to fill up as satisfactorily as we could wish. A few notices are all we can now supply.

The first Congress, of which any memorial seems to have descended to us, was one held on the banks of the Conway, in the seventh century, under the auspices, as it would appear, of Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales. The account, which is both quaint and obscure, occurs in a poem of Iorwerth Beli, a poet of the fourteenth century, who seems to have recorded the event for the sake of a joke practiced on the occasion by Maelgwn, who proposed a reward for such of the bards and minstrels as should swim over the Conway. The offer was acceded to, and, upon the arrival of the parties on the opposite shore, the harpers were found incapable of playing, owing, it may be supposed, to the injury their instruments had sustained from the water, while the bards, as might be expected, continued in as good tune as ever; this being, probably, the result contemplated by Maelgwn. The following is a version of the passage, in which this singular event is related*.

When Maelgwn Hir† went from the territory of the Son of Don‡,
From the banquet of the Champion of the Congress§ to Caer Seion‖,
And was taking with him memorials of the superior excellence
That vocal song had acquired over the minstrels,
And had proposed many substantial rewards
To all the company that should swim the river;
When they came to land, on the sea-boundary of the ebb-tide,
The harpers were not worth a half-penny,
God is witness of this, and other witnesses know it;
But, by reason of the fair increase of the faculty of the wise,
The poets composed equally well as before,
Notwithstanding their swimming. Such is the nature of generous spirits!

A wide chasm now intervenes in the history of these assem-

* Id. vol. i. p. 476.

† So called, most probably, as being the son of Caswallon Law Hir.

‡ This was Gwdion, whose territory was *Gwynedd Uch Conwy*, or Gwynedd above the Conwy. See vol. ii. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 328, for a Triad relating to Gwdion.

§ The original words are *Gwalch Gorsedd*, which imply, literally, the Hawk of the Gorsedd, but of which, in this instance, it is now impossible to discover the precise allusion. They had probably reference to some individual, who had signalised himself at one of these meetings.

‖ Caernarvon, or the ancient Segontium.

blies, and which is perhaps to be explained, in a great measure, by the unsettled and turbulent events of the period, to which it relates. The muses, like the laws, are silent amidst the clang of arms, whether it be the din of foreign wars or of intestine commotions, to both of which Wales was miserably exposed during this troubled season. The next records which we find, and which are merely of a general nature, have reference to several Congresses held during the close of the eleventh century, under the respective auspices of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn and Gruffydd ab Cynan, princes of North Wales, both of them distinguished for their munificent patronage of the Bards. The Bardic laws and institutions appear to have undergone various modifications at these meetings, and particularly at the Congresses held under the last-mentioned prince, who is also, however, accused of having sanctioned the innovations alluded to in a former part of this article; in particular, he is supposed to have given the Congress a more musical character than it previously had, by the introduction from Ireland, where he had his birth, not only of several skilful musicians, but also of some musical instruments before unknown in Wales.

The example, set by Bleddyn ab Cynvan, in the encouragement of the Bards, was followed by his son Cadwgan, as appears by a passage in the *Brud y Tywysogion* (Chronicle of the Princes) in the Archaiology of Wales*, of which the following is a translation.—"In the year of Christ 1107 Cadwgan, the son of Bleddyn ab Cynvan, made an honourable feast, and invited to it the chieftains and gentlemen of the country, out of every province in Wales, to his castle at Aberteivi. And, for the sake of shewing the greater respect to the guests, he invited to it the bards and the best minstrels, vocal and instrumental, that could be found in all Wales; and he gave them chairs † and subjects of emulation, according to the custom of the feasts of King Arthur. He also gave them customs, and privileges, and honourable presents, and dismissed them, rewarded with gifts and privileged with honour, every one to return to the place he came from."

It is probable, that from the impulse, given by Bleddyn ab

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 537.

† A Chair was the usual prize, as it still continues, for the successful candidate on these occasions.

Cynvyn and Gruffydd ab Cynan, the Congresses of the Bards were for some time afterwards uninterruptedly held. However, the next instance, which occurs after that last noticed, is one at an interval of sixty years, at which Rhys ab Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, presided, and which, like the last, the reader will perceive, united the festivities of the board with the charms of music and song. The following record of it is also extracted from the *Brud y Tywysogion**.—"In the year 1166 the Lord Rhys held a distinguished feast in the castle of Aberteivi; and he instituted two sorts of contention—one between the bards and poets, and the other between harpers, and crowders, and pipers, and a variety of vocal singers. He bestowed two chairs on the victors in the contest, whom he also enriched with immense presents. A young page of his own court obtained the victory in instrumental song; and the men of Gwynedd obtained it in vocal song. All the other minstrels also received from the Lord Rhys as much as they demanded, so that no one was disappointed. And that feast was proclaimed a year before it took place over Wales, and England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and many other countries."

For nearly three centuries after this we have not been able to discover any traces of the continuance of this national usage; but the conquest of Wales, at the close of thirteenth century, became necessarily, as already intimated, fatal to the influence of the bards, who were, no doubt, immediately deprived of the enjoyment of their ancient privileges. Their Congresses, therefore, we may presume, were, for a long period afterwards, entirely discontinued; and it is not until the fifteenth century, during the reign of Edward IV., that we find an instance of their revival, a royal commission having been then obtained for the holding of one at Carmarthen, under the patronage of a gentleman of that neighbourhood. At this meeting Davydd ab Edmund, a distinguished poet, of Hanmere, in Flintshire, obtained the chair, and gained, through his persuasive eloquence, the sanction of the Congress to the twenty-four new canons of poetry, which the loss of the original laws had induced him and other North Wales bards to compile, but against which the bards of Glamorgan, who pretended to be possessed of the primitive canons, afterwards entered a protest.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 437.

In the reign of Henry VII. another Congress, also under the royal authority, took place in South Wales; but no particulars of it, as we are aware, have descended to these times. To this succeeded several others during the sixteenth century in the same division of the Principality, under the auspices respectively of Sir Richard Neville, and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, for the express purpose of collecting and consolidating what remained of the ancient Bardic institutes and traditions. And, on the 26th of May, 1568, a Congress, or *Eisteddvod*, as it was called *; was holden, under a commission granted by Queen Elizabeth, at Caerwys, in the county of Flint, which commission was directed to Sir Richard Bulkeley and others, and is now, we believe, in the possession of the family of Mostyn. It does not appear, however, that any thing was done at this meeting beyond a mere contest of musicians, attended by some empty parade of no connection with the genuine purposes of the Bardic Congress; and this, perhaps, was the last assembly of the sort held under the sanction of the royal license.

In 1580 a Congress was established in South Wales, under the presidency of Sir Edward Lewis of the Van, and at which the Bardic collections, made, some years before, under the auspices of Sir Richard Neville and Lord Pembroke, as already alluded to, were considerably augmented; and these were again thoroughly revised and methodized, and finally declared to comprise a full illustration of Bardism, at a Congress holden at Bewpyr Castle, Glamorganshire, under the patronage of Sir Richard Basset, in 1681, and at which thirteen regular bards attended, as appears by a list still in existence.

From the time of Sir Richard Basset, until the meeting at Carmarthen in 1819, the only efforts that appear to have been made to revive this national custom, were those of the London Society of *Gwyneddigion*, under whose auspices several *Eisteddvodau*, for the encouragement of Welsh poetry and music, have been holden in the various counties of North Wales. But we are not aware, that these laudable attempts were productive of any extraordinary *éclát*. To the *Gwyneddigion*,

† This appears to have been the first occasion on which the word *Eisteddvod*, or Session, was applied to the Bardic Congress, and without any advantage, that is at all perceptible, over the old terms.

however, must be ascribed the merit of having restored a practice, which had been suspended for more than a century, and to which, we may hope, a more propitious impulse has now been communicated by the new spirit, which has burst forth in the Principality. The proceedings of the Congresses, that have taken place during the last three years, have been fully reported in the CAMBRO-BRITON *, which leaves us only the task of expressing a hope, that the patriotism, by which they were animated, may long continue to foster the cause of our national literature in all its interesting varieties. In a word, ESTO PERPETUA.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XV.

I. WELSH CONCORDANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I congratulate the admirers of Welsh literature on the resumption of your patriotic labours, and on the restoration of the CAMBRO-BRITON to life, after having sustained a political death of a few months. It is to be hoped, that no incident will in future suspend so interesting and valuable a publication, undertaken in a spirit of patriotism, and conducted with an ability, highly creditable to yourself, and useful and beneficial to the best interests of your country. From the continuation of this work I anticipate the most important results—I seem already to pierce through the mists, which have so long enveloped the early parts of our national history, and to hear the welkin of Wales once more ring with the tuneful *pennillion* of its mountain bards.

The two best judges of literary composition, whom ancient and modern times have produced, unanimously concur in opinion, that a faultless piece never has been, nor possibly can be. If then the productions of the most sublime geniuses are not exempt from the imperfections incidental to our common nature, can we wonder, that into the pages of a periodical publication, which, like the CAMBRO-BRITON, embraces so

* See vol. i. pp. 35 and 71.—vol. ii. pp. 90 and 139.—vol. iii. p. 55. and also a communication in the subsequent part of the present Number.

great a variety of subjects, and dives into the dark abyss of remote antiquity, a few errors should have occasionally and inadvertently crept? But, though it be impossible always to avoid the intrusion of mistakes into a work of this complex nature, yet it will be readily granted, that strict and impartial justice ought to be observed in awarding the meed of fame to deceased merit, and in ascribing to those authors, who have paid the debt of nature, their respective productions. Persuaded that you wish nothing more ardently, than that the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON should be presented to the public with as much accuracy as possible, and that you will receive in good part any friendly hint, that shall point out to you the mistakes that may have, through inadvertence or misinformation, occurred, I beg to call your attention to the biographical memoir of the late Rev. Eliezer Williams, inserted in the twelfth Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, of August, 1820, page 457. The writer of this article, whose signature is *Maridunensis*, asserts, that the public are indebted for the first *Concordance* in the Welsh language to the joint labours of the Rev. Peter Williams, of Carmarthen, and the late Rev. Eliezer Williams, of Lampeter, This adjudication is untrue, and militates against matter of fact. A *Concordance* in the Welsh language was published twenty-four years before the latter gentleman was born. It issued from the press of Philadelphia, in Pensylvania, in North America; and has on its title-page, the following inscription:—"A gyvansoddwyd drwy lavarus boen Abel Morgan, gweineidog yr Evengyl, er llès y Cymry. Agraphwyd yn Philadelphia, gan Samuel Reimer a Davydd Parry, 1730. Abel Morgan, Enoch Morgan, Elisha Thomas, Jenkin Jones, a Benjamin John Davies, gweineidogion yr Evengyl."—Upon an unprinted leaf of this book is written the following record:—"This book was sent from Pensylvania for John Bywater, living in the parish of Llanbister, in the county of Radnor, by his uncle John Morris, being the first Concordance that ever was translated into Welsh, in the year 1730."

I have been informed, that this Concordance was not the only one imported into England from America, and that the late Rev. Eliezer Williams was perfectly aware of this circumstance. Your love of literary justice will, I am persuaded, induce you to allow room for this letter in the next, or suc-

ceeding, Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, which will greatly oblige, Sir, Your sincere well-wisher,

Leominster, Herefordshire, "SUUM CUIQUE."
27th Oct. 1821.

II. THE WORD "POST," AND THE ANTIQUITY OF POSTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—With respect to primitive words, that are common to different languages, it is generally difficult to decide what particular language is the original source of them; however we are, in most cases, enabled to do so in the Welsh by a connection of meaning in words compounded of two elementary sounds, by one of those elements preserving its characteristic idea through any class of words, wherein it shall be affixed to other elementary words. Without entering into those niceties, the Welsh may lay claim, by right of antiquity, to a word equally common in it as in the English; and that word is POST. There is a proof of very high antiquity given in the appellative of Pabo Post Prydain, and next in the *Privileges of the Men of Arvon,* in the preceding Number of your work, page 12. Permit me, Mr. Editor, to produce one or two other instances of its use out of the Laws of Wales. I will give the originals with translations.

"25. Tri dyn nis dylid eu cosbi: mud a byddar geni; a phlentyn cyn deall; ac ynvyd cynnwynawl: sev y dywedir, *nid â cosb àr ynvyd;* eithr rhybudd gwlad yn ysgriven àr BYST neu veini y brenin, yn waedd gadarn er i bawb ymochel ag yr ynvyd, ac â mud byddar geni; ac en dodi dàn eu nodau gàn gorn a gwaedd gwlad a chywlad. Achaws hyny y dywedir, *ynvyd á á àr y* POST."

Three persons that ought not to be punished: one born dumb and deaf; a child before he can reason; and a natural idiot: thus it is said, no punishment falls upon the idiot, but there shall be a warning of the country in writing on the King's POSTS or stone-pillars, as a sufficient warning for every body to avoid the idiot, and the dumb and deaf born; and that they be put under their marks by horn and cry of country and border-co-country. Therefore it is said, *the idiot goes upon the* POST. *Arch. of Wales,* vol. iii. p. 287.

"149. Tri chas cyhoedd cenedl: à laddo ddyn o ei gydgenedl;

lleidr; a thwyllwr: sev eu gelwir evelly am y bydd iawn i ddialwr y genedl eu cyhoeddi gàn gorn gwlad, yn llys, ac yn llàn, ac yn mhob tyrva ddosbarthus, ac àr BYST ynvydion y brenin."

The three public nuisances of a nation: one that kills a man of his own nation; a thief; and a deceiver: for they are so called because it shall be right for the avenger of the nation to proclaim them by horn of country, in court, and in church, and in every regular assembly, and on the king's POSTS of idiots. *Arch. of Wales*, vol. iii. p. 305.

From the proofs, thus adduced, we may presume, that future English lexicographers will yield this *post* of honour to the Welsh language. GEIRION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LETTERS on the SCENERY OF WALES, including a Series of Subjects for the Pencil, with their Stations, determined on a general principle: and Instructions to Pedestrian Tourists. By the Rev. R. H. NEWELL, B.D.—LONDON, 1821.

THE very nature of this work, as explained in its title-page, seems to place it out of the pale of criticism as a literary production; and it is, in point of fact, little or nothing more than it pretends to be,—a mere series of rules and studies for the guidance of an amateur landscape-painter in an excursion through the Principality. The work is embellished with several etchings and aqua-tinta engravings of Welsh scenery from the pencil of the reverend author; and of these we are justified in saying, that they appear to have been selected with judgment and executed with no mean skill. The views are twenty in number, and embrace a few of the most romantic and interesting objects in both divisions of the Principality, but more particularly in South Wales, which the writer appears to have made the principal scene of his Tour. We are not aware, that we can better explain the precise character of the work, or the object the author had in view, than by allowing him to speak for himself, in the words of his preface, which we accordingly transcribe.

"Every one now, who travels with the least skill in drawing, is desirous to carry back some sketches of the scenery; but he is

often at a loss to discover the beauties of the country, and proper subjects for the pencil, and more so, perhaps, to fix on proper stations. To give some information on these points, in a tour through Wales, by marking out a series of picturesque views, with stations for taking them, is the chief object of this work. And it may be hoped, that, while we are daily invited to admire descriptions and pictures of foreign countries, the attempt is commendable to introduce more generally to public taste and admiration the natural beauties of our own island. The materials are collected in two pedestrian rambles. My route through North Wales was neither unusual nor extensive, but may be strongly recommended, abounding with noble scenery, in almost infinite variety. The beauties of South Wales are more widely scattered, and much uninteresting ground must be trodden to find them. It cannot be expected that I have mentioned every view which might be delineated, or perhaps the best, or the best stations; taste and experience will, after all, direct the choice; ten artists would probably select ten different subjects, and each a different view of the same.

"The principle upon which I have endeavoured to point out the stations is that used at sea (and why not on land?) for steering a ship into harbour---*the bearings of two fixed objects in the view;* and it is this principle, therefore, which I would hope to illustrate, rather than to tell much which is not already known, and better described. A number of subjects, from the works of different artists, has been added, without stations, as an exercise for the Tourist's skill.

"I have also attempted a few remarks on the picturesque beauty of the country; a subject, with regard to Wales, still open, and much is it to be regretted that Mr. Gilpin left it so *. *Picturesque* is, indeed, a word which now almost palls upon the ear, nor is it always very accurately applied: but I mean to express by it, "that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture †;" and, as such, my frequent use of the term seemed almost unavoidable.

"The smaller landscapes are etched nearly as I drew them, but on a reduced scale, and may be useful as *subjects*, or if referred to on the spot. Drawings, with the breadth and effect of the aqua-tinta engravings, may be easily and expeditiously made, and will give, what is most essential, the *general character* of the scene. They have all been executed by a pupil to the late Mr. Alken, and not unworthy of such a master.

"* Remarking to one of the first landscape painters in this kingdom, that of the numerous Welsh Tours, none had been written on the plan of Gilpin's Wye, he replied—few could write with his knowledge of the subject."

"† Gilpin's Essay on Prints, p. 12."

"The hints to assist the pedestrian, are the result of long experience, and are therefore given with some confidence.

"The whole has been thrown into the form of letters, with a wish of making the directions more plain and easy; it also breaks the uniformity of continued description."

As it is impossible to convey any adequate idea in these pages of the graphic characteristics of Mr. Newell's work, we conceive it but fair to give a specimen of the manner in which he offers his instructions as to the views which he has thought worthy of the limner's attention. We therefore extract a passage of this description relating to Laugharne Castle, Carmarthenshire.

"STATION.---Bring the Castle exactly *within the angle* made by the sloping hill and woody steep *before* it. Then ascend or descend, till the *water* and *three* of the promontories appear *above* the castle.

"In this station the sea bounds the distance. Nature's compositions are seldom complete or correct; but here nothing seems in the wrong place, and little which one would wish away. The only liberties, necessary to be taken, are a tree or stump, planted at the *left* corner, and the uniformity of the long hedge on the right of the fore ground somewhat broken.

"About five miles from Llaugharne you pass Green Bridge, by some thought a curiosity, though nothing more than a small stream on the right side of the road, running southward, and sinking at that place into a rocky cavity: it is said to flow out again on the sea coast near Pendine. This bridge is no picture, nor are there any but extensive sea views all the way to Tenby, sixteen tedious hilly miles.

"Tenby* is a pretty watering place, and well adapted for bathing, having a constant sea, very clear and not too bold, with a smooth hard beach at low water. But it is not, I think, picturesque. The rocks, on which the town is built, are insignificant, the church spire formal, and the ruins of the castle, except as a distant object, detached and unmeaning. I send you however a station,---as the place is much praised by some,---on the Narberth road, just beyond a bend to the right, about a mile and a half from the town, looking south-east."---P. 57.

We are under the necessity or concluding our extracts with a brief notice of Barmouth, and which we select principally for the sake of the anecdote it contains in relation to Gray's "Bard," though not new to the readers of English poetry.

"* Tenby, or Dinbych, is The Precipice." [*Quære?*—ED.]

"Barmouth, as almost every nook of every coast now, is a watering place. Its origin, as the resort of invalids, has been attributed to persons frequenting the banks of this part of the river for the sake of the scurvy-grass, which grows there in abundance*. Like Dartmouth, it is built up a steep rock, street above street, the windows of one overlooking the chimnies of the next below. It is said to resemble Gibraltar. The sand is very inconvenient, ankle deep in the street, and sometimes blown most plentifully into the houses. There is a tolerable inn, the Gorsygedol Arms; and at it an harper, but not one of Drayton's old British bards,

Who on their harps,
For falling flats, and rising sharps,
That curiously were strung,
To stir their youth to warlike rage,
Or their wild fury to assuage,
In their loose numbers sung.

Nor one that would have stirred up Gray's poetic spirit. It is a curious circumstance, that we owe his "Bard" to a Welsh harper---blind Parry, Sir Watkin Wynn's harper. In a letter from Cambridge Gray says, "Mr. Parry has been here, and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as have set all this learned body a dancing, and inspired them with due respect for my old Bard, his countryman, whenever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, you must know, has set my Ode in motion again, and has brought it at last to a conclusion. †"

At the close of the volume Mr. Newell has inserted a list of some of the most interesting Welsh views, but most, if not all, of which have already been selected as subjects for the skill of the artist. The work also contains an account, though far from being complete, of publications relating to Wales; and a variety of local information is interspersed through the volume, that must be of service to all, who travel through Wales from the same motives, and upon the same plan, as the reverend draughtsman before us. In a word, to individuals of this class, —and we hope for Mr. Newell's sake that the number is far greater than we are now disposed to consider it,—these "Letters on the Scenery of Wales" may safely be recommended as a companion at once useful and entertaining in their rambles amidst the wilds and mountains of Cambria; and to this we may add, that the novelty of the plan ought to be received as an additional passport to public favour.

"* Bingley, vol. ii. p. 23." "† Mason's Memoirs of Gray, p. 447."

Awen Cymru.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

XCV.

V'ANWYLYD benav o vewn y byd,
A ddoi di gyd â myvi;
Ti a gei vwynder yn dy vyw,
Os cawn gàn Dduw gydoesi.

XCVI.

Gwae à garia vaich o gwrw,
Yn ei vol i vod yn veddw:
Trymav baich yw hyn o'r beichiau,
Baich ydyw o bechodau.

Hwn yw mam càm a'r celwydd,
Lladd, a lladrad, ac anlladrwydd:
Gwna gryv yn wàn a gwàn yn wànach,
Y fel yn fol, a fol yn folach.

TRIBAN.

IV.

TRI pheth erioed nis carais:
Myned ar y Sul i neges,
Cerdded llwydrew yn droed-noeth,
A chwedlau doeth bachgenes.

CREULONI*.

O PY y tarddai drwg o ddrwg dros byth,
A gloes y magai loes byth mwy ei sar?
Neud brodyr ydym!—ïa yr eillion llyth,
Am dal à laddant; ac i ddial bar
Dros var, nis maetha ond trueni àr
Ei chalon vriw ei hun: O Daiar! Nev!
Ia tithau, ANIAN, i bob gwaith, yn war,
Ac oll sy byw, à yw, i vod mòr grev
A roddaist, ïa tudi drygèynt ond mwyn dy lev!

Hydrev. 8, 1821. IDRISON.

* The original lines, of which these are a translation, are from Mr. Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and are to be found in a subsequent page.—ED.

English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

XCV.

COME, lovely girl, of all most dear,
Come, live with me, my days to cheer,
And purest pleasure shall be thine,
Long as Heaven may our fates entwine.

XCVI.

Woe to him, whose only bliss
Centers in the burthen'd bowl:
Of all burthens none like this,
Sin's sad burthen on the soul.

'Tis of craft and lies the seeker,
Murder, theft, and wantonness,
Weakens strong men, makes weak weaker,
Shrewd men foolish, foolish—less.

TRANSLATION OF THE TRIBAN.

IV.

THREE things I love not;—these are they:—
An errand on the sabbath-day,
To walk unshod the frozen wild,
To hear wise speeches from a child.

THE LAMENT OF THE LAST DRUID*.

AIR—"*The Melody of Mona.*"

I.

THE harp is hush'd on Mona's shore,
And mute the voice of mystic lore,
And the deep woods lie low!
Where were the *Dark Isle's* † vengeful gods,
When thus their shrines and dread abodes
Received the insulting foe?

* This beautiful Melody is from Mr. Parry's second volume of "Welsh Melodies," just published, and is the composition (we mean the words only) of Mrs. Hemans, of the productions of whose muse it is scarcely possible to speak in terms exceeding their merit. We mean to trespass again upon Mr. Parry's very interesting volume.—ED.

"† Anglesea, (or Mona,) from its thick woods of oak, was anciently called the *Dark Island.*"

Who shall recal the Druid Seers,
They that could lift the veil of years?
The home is silent midst the slain,
And *I alone on earth remain*,
On the wild winds to pour one strain,
A dirge for Mona's woe!

II.

The stars on Mona's rocks look down,
And far *Eryri's* * mountain-crown,
And Ocean's glitt'ring wave;
But those, who track'd, with gifted eyes,
Their burning pathway through the skies,
Lie slumbering in the grave!
There, too, shall rest the lore sublime,
The secrets of primæval Time;
For Mona's Guardian Powers are fled,
Her oaks have bow'd their crested head†;
Take me, ye dwellings of the dead,
Homes of the wise and brave!

EXTRACT FROM SHELLEY'S "REVOLT OF ISLAM‡."

"O wherefore should ill ever flow from ill,
And pain still keener pain for ever breed?
We all are brethren—even the slaves, who kill
For hire, are men; and to avenge misdeed
On the misdoer doth but misery feed
With her own broken heart: O Earth, O Heaven,
And thou, dread NATURE, which to every deed
And all that lives, or is, to be hath given,
Even as to thee have these done ill, and are forgiven."

Canto 5, Stanza 11.

"* *Eryri*—the Snowdon mountains."

"† In A.D. 58, *Suetonius Paulinus*, the Roman General, penetrated into Mona, but was opposed by the *Druids*, whom he overpowered, cut down their groves, and massacred a vast many of them. Those, who escaped, retired to Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. But about the year 286 *Cratylinth*, a King of Scotland, expelled them from that country, and from the Isle of Man, which was the Presidency of the Order.—*Vide Warrington's History of Wales.*"

‡ We insert this extract on account of the Welsh translation in a preceding page.—ED.

CAMBRIAN MELODY.

Be ours the death our fathers found,
In the field of glory falling,
When the Saxon spearmen hemm'd them round,
To all but them appalling:

Rather than live a tyrant's slave
And foreign feelings cherish,
Let us to battle with the brave,
And like our fathers perish.

Base is the heart that tamely bears
A foeman's vile abuse,
Dead is that man to fame, who wears
A steel he dare not use.

Dark years of woe has Cambria seen,
'Tis fit they now were o'er;
The stains, that on her shield have been,
We'll cleanse in Saxon gore.

S. R. Jackson.

ANOTHER.

Why should the noble spirit droop
Beneath the cloud of ill?
Why should the sons of freemen stoop,
To do a tyrant's will?
Rather let death free us,
Than our children see us,
Slaves to him, whose iron hand
Desolates our native land.

Sons of the mighty! rise, and tear
The bloody bonds away;
The war-sword of your fathers bare,
Well known in battle's day.
'Tis freedom's voice that calleth,
He, who nobly falleth,
With his bosom's blood shall seal
For evermore his country's weal.

S. R. Jackson.

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION IN LONDON.

It appears by the public papers, that this society has recently proposed medals to the grammar-schools in Wales for the best Welsh essay on the Love of Country *(Gwladgarwch)*. Two medals, we find, are to be given—one to the successful candidate in each division of the Principality. There can be no doubt, that the Society, in offering these premiums, have been actuated by the same feeling which prompted their original establishment; and it will readily be admitted, that the present instance of their patriotism has, at least, the merit of novelty. But, judging from a pretty correct experience, we are disposed to predict, that the attempt will prove abortive, unless indeed a sort of *pia fraus* should give it a semblance of success. For, it must be acknowledged to the reproach of the principal Welsh grammar-schools, (we speak more particularly of those in North Wales,) that the Welsh language has been, for many years, not only not encouraged, but absolutely discountenanced by severe penalties. The fact is notorious; and the natural consequence has been, that the boys in these schools, far from being able to write an "Essay" in the language, are unable even to speak it with tolerable correctness, and know nothing of its grammatical construction. Whether this Anti-Cambrian feeling prevails to the same extent in South Wales we have not, at this moment, the means of ascertaining; but, if it should have even a partial existence there, we cannot regard this attempt of the Cymmrodorion as having been influenced by the most fortunate stars. The patriotism of the motive, however, will remain the same, be the event what it may.

We have hitherto neglected to mention, that this Institution has moved from the Freemasons' Tavern to No. 41, Lisle Street, Leicester Fields, where a meeting generally takes place every Saturday. The regular meetings, however, are holden as before, on the first Saturday in every month. A new regulation has also been adopted in the admission of members, who must now have the previous recommendation of three subscribers. Several new members have been introduced since the establishment of this rule, which, it will be allowed, has an obvious tendency to ensure the respectability of the Institution.

The following gentlemen have recently been elected Honorary Members of the Cymmrodorion :—

Rev. John Hughes, Author of "Horæ Britannicæ,"

Richard Fenton, Esq. Aber Gwaen, Fishguard.

Rev. Dr. Foulkes, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

Rev. Alfred Butler Clough, Fellow of the same College.

The last mentioned gentleman has lately, with a true patriotic feeling, furnished the Society with a catalogue of all the Welsh Books and MSS. in the library of Jesus College :—an example, which ought to be followed by the proprietors of other Welsh collections. And we are inclined to believe, that a mere intimation would be sufficient to produce the desired result.

CARNARVON EISTEDDVOD.

From many reports, which have reached us, considerable dissatisfaction appears to have been felt at the event of the contest for the Silver Harp at the late *Carnarvon Eisteddvod.* The Judges, it is said, (or, at least, those who took upon themselves the task of deciding), in awarding the prize, were not actuated, as much as they ought to have been, by the ordinary maxim in these cases—*detur digniori.* We have been favoured with an extract from a letter, written by a musical person, who attended the *Eisteddvod,* in which he professes to give the particulars of this affair; and, as there really does appear to have been something not quite correct in the proceedings, we have no hesitation in giving the extract in our pages. We accordingly insert it, as we received it, without farther comment.

"The contest for the Silver Harp proved a very interesting, but certainly not a *fair,* one; there were eleven harpers, who, after the first trial, were reduced to three, viz. B. Cunnah, W. Hughes, and J. Morgan.

"Richard Roberts, of Carnarvon, who gained the prize at Wrexham last year, was appointed the umpire, assisted by the Rev. W. Cotton, who conducted the Concerts, and Mr. A. Loder, of Bath. Both Mr. Cotton and Mr. Loder were decidedly of opinion, that Cunnah was by far the most scientific performer, and that W. Hughes was the next in merit; but R. Roberts would not hear a word of it, and wished to give the prize to Morgan. It was at length agreed, that each should play a simple Welsh air, without any variations; this was

accordingly done, and R. Roberts persisted, that Cunnah did not play in time; he, therefore, awarded the medal to W. Hughes *. The cause of this partial decision may, perhaps, without difficulty be traced; Cunnah came in, neck and neck, with Roberts at Wrexham, and may have created in the old minstrel something like *gwenwyn*. As a proof, that the audience were of a different opinion, a subscription was immediately entered into, (confined to five shillings each person), to purchase a medal or a piece of plate for Cunnah, as a compliment to his talents.

"You will naturally ask, what *my* opinion was of the contest: I certainly must say, that Cunnah was decidedly the best performer; and, if he would only allow others to sound his trumpet, he certainly would gain more admiration. He should also not be so fond of introducing his own compositions, but practice the *Welsh Airs* well, so as to be able to accompany the *datgeiniaid*. If he take this friendly hint, there is little doubt, but he would gain the Silver Harp on any future occasion."

EISTEDDVOD IN GWENT.

THIS projected meeting, of which we intimated the probability last month, may now, we uuderstand, be considered as finally determined upon. Sir Charles Morgan, we are informed, has interested himself warmly in the cause, and has succeeded in procuring for it the suffrages of several gentlemen connected with the province of Gwent. Brecon is still named as the place of meeting; and the present Mayor of that town, the Rev. Thomas Williams, is represented as extremely zealous to promote this national object. We hope, therefore, to be able, in an early Number, to announce the preliminary arrangements; and we have little doubt, from the zeal at present manifested by the gentlemen of Gwent, that the Brecon *Eisteddvod* will rival, in interest either of the similar assemblies, that have preceded it during the last three years †.

* Mr. Roberts was, on this occasion, joined by two other judges, (there being five in all) who, with him, constituted the majority.—ED.

† Since this account was written, a meeting has been appointed by public advertisement, for the 5th inst. in order to make the "preliminary arrangements," to which we have above alluded.—ED.

Literary Announcement.

A Poem has recently appeared, under the title of "LORIN, or THE WANDERER IN WALES," from the pen of Mr. Jones, of Swansea, which we are desirous of recommending to the notice of our readers. The subject of the poem, indeed, does not come, strictly speaking, within the plan of our work; but the scene being laid in Wales, and the author being himself a native of the Principality, will, we hope, form some apology for this slight deviation from our general rule. These circumstances of themselves, however, we should hardly have considered sufficient to justify this notice; but, strengthened as they are, by the merit of the production, we have no hesitation in offering a few remarks on Mr. Jones's poem.---Lorin, the hero of the tale, is a young man, whose mind had been alienated from the common charities of our nature by a train of overwhelming misfortunes, among which was a cruel disappointment in the hopes of his earliest and purest affections. In a state of mental distraction he seeks a refuge among the mountains of Wales, where he wanders for a long time a misanthrope and an outcast. At length, in a fit of desperate phrenzy, he endeavours, by plunging into the sea, to put a period to his sorrows, but is rescued at the moment by a village pastor, through whose pious care he afterwards experiences the most consolatory relief. While in this state of mind, accident restores to him the long lost object of his young passion, and with her return the serenity of mind and the happiness he had formerly known, while her hand is at length the compensation for all the ills he had endured.---Such is a faint, and but a faint, outline of Mr. Jones's production, which he has contrived to fill up with considerable effect, and paticularly in pourtraying the misanthropic workings of Lorin's estranged intellect. His wild and gloomy musings are described with much poetical energy, and necessarily form a prominent feature of the poem, in which, however, are interspersed many fine touches of a different character, that bear ample testimony to the versatile skill of the writer. We select a short passage of this latter complexion, with which to close our brief notice of the "Wanderer in Wales;" it paints the first appearance of the rosy-fingered goddess, and, as it strikes us, in very picturesque colours:—

"Up starts the blue-eyed goddess of the morn,
Her buskins lac'd, and slung her bugle horn;
Fresh for the race, as merry and as free,
As well becomes such harbinger to be:
A light coronal binds her golden hair,
And half the pride of that fair breast is bare,
Woo'd by the breeze, that wanton plays around,
And her slight waist is slightly cestus-bound.
Away she trips, with fairy step along,
O'er hill and dale, the bosk and dell among;
Kissing the rose, and sipping off the dew,
That hangs upon the hare-bell's lip of blue:
Through her bright horn, in sounds that stir and shake,
She cries—'Up, sleeper, up—awake, awake!
'Nature's blest harmony revolves again,
'And calls to action the best sons of men.'"

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

JANUARY, 1822.

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Preliminary Notices.

THE commencement of the third year since the establishment of the CAMBRO-BRITON imposes on us the pleasing task of renewing to our readers and correspondents the expression of our gratitude for their friendly and unabated support.

We have to thank our Droitwich correspondent for his kind letter.—With respect to the "CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH," however, we much fear, the scheme he suggests would not answer. In the first place, we have no favourable opinion of publishing by subscription; and, even if we thought differently on this point, our confidence in the patriotic spirit of our countrymen, we are sorry to say, would be hardly sufficient to justify the experiment.—As to the projected "Collections for a new History of Wales," by Mr. Edward Williams, we have heard nothing of them since we published the notice in our third Number; we conclude, therefore, that the undertaking is abandoned.—The Numbers of the CAMBRO-BRITON, about which our correspondent enquires, may be had at our Publishers', through the medium of any bookseller in the country.

AB IEUAN has also our thanks: he will find that we have attended to his hints. We shall always be glad to hear him, *under whatever name.*

We greatly regret, that an attentive reconsideration of P. B. W.'s two contributions has not justified the hope we expressed in our last. Unfortunately, we have not room now for farther explanation, and can only repeat generally, what we have often before said, that our aim is rather to inform strangers, than to gratify the mere Welsh reader: *verbum sat.* It is in our correspondent's power, we know, to oblige us by communications more congenial with our plan.

The very able Address, delivered at Brecon by the Rev. W. J. Rees, is unavoidably postponed until next month. Its length, and that alone, has precluded its appearance in the present Number.

Our Swansea correspondent will find such part of his wish, as we had not anticipated last month, attended to in this Number. We thank him for reminding us of the "Cornish Play," a specimen of which we will endeavour to insert in our next.

We hope next month to resume the translation of the Laws of Hywel Dda.

BRAWD DEWI has just arrived, and (notwithstanding his metamorphosis) shall appear in our next.

Derbyniasom lythyr Cymraeg "AP SHERYPHUM" *(Qu.* Ap Humphreys *?) yn cwynaw yr arverwn, ar droion, y Lladin ac ieithioedd ereill nad ydynt ddeallus iddo. Er ateb, nid oes gannom ond dywedyd, mal mewn pob achosion tebyg à raid ei ddywedyd, mai àr y darllenydd y mae deall yr hyn à ysgrivenom, ac nid i ni ddysgynu i lawr at ei amgyfred ev. Dywedwn hyn heb amcanu dim yn gyveiriadawl at ein gohebydd; eithyr, yn y gwrthwyneb, am ei syniad ev y diolchwn yn barchusav.*

ERRORS CORRECTED.

The reader is requested to rectify the following errors in the last two Numbers: the corrections will be found within parentheses.—No. XXIII. p. 24. in the notes, l. 1. "Dolgella" (Dolgellau). p. 35, l. 1. "Yspryd" (Ysbryd). l. 11. "oesedd" (oesoedd). l. 20, "Joseph" and "Jorddonen" (Ioseph *and* Iorddonen). l. 23, "oedd" (ev). l. 26, "yn oedd" (yr oedd). l. 35, "gyhurdd" (gyhwrdd). p. 31, l. 5, "gymylan" (gymhylau). p. 38, l. 5, "im" (i'm). p. 47, l. 1, "gorsseddawl" (gorseddawl). l. 46, "mae'er" (mae e'r). p. 48, l. 10, "dychryd" (dychryn).—No. XXIV. p. 74, l. 4, *after* "at the same" *insert* time. p. 90, l. 5, "men secret" (me a secret). p. 96, l. 5, "to" (in). p. 107, l. 21. "un" (yn). p. 111, l. 21 and 26, "Cynvan" (Cynvyn). p. 123, l. 3, "The home" (Their home). p. 126, l. 25, *after* "extract" *insert* a place. p. 127, l. 27, "zealous to promote" (zealous in his exertions to promote).